FRANCIS JOSEPH, THE MAN and the MONARCH. By Archibald R. Colquhoun.

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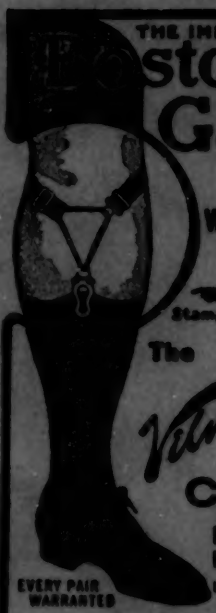

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FRANKINCENSE AND GOLD.

Myriad stars o'erhung the plains
  Of Bethlehem that night;
But brighter far than all the rest,
  One star flung out its light.
The brightness of that star proclaimed
  The coming of the King;
And startled shepherds woke to hear
  Angelic voices sing.

From out the East with precious gifts
  Came wise men from afar,
To where with fullest glory shone
  The radiance of that star.
"Here is the dwelling of the King!"
  They cried, with gladsome shout;
And far above them through the night
  The heavenly songs rang out.

Dear Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee
  Not frankincense or gold,
Such as that night, with holy joy,
  The wise men brought of old.
Abide with us, O Heavenly Child,
  Our Saviour, Master, Friend;
And to Thy name our songs shall rise
  In praises without end.

Owen E. MacGillicuddy.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

UPON A WESTERN BEACH.

Is it love? is it hate? this clasp by the
    sea of the land,
Entangling, swaying, revolving, escaping by to the strand,
  Escaping, yet never escaped, never utterly gone from reach,
Which is it? I ask and would know, as
    I watch at hand,
      Here on the beach.

To-night they seem weary of warfare, these ancient foes,
Weary of love as of hate, of eddying kisses or blows,
  Even as we, as I, grow weary of eddying thought,
Of the waves of the mind, of the soul and its bubble-like woes
      Rising unsought.

The sea's mood to-night has changed, has grown simple and mild,
It draws in the land to its breast as a nurse draws a child.
  It sings it a song wrought out of the moan of the beach,
Of the sough of the wind, of the tales of the waste and the wild,
      Older and stranger than speech.

E. L.

The Spectator.

FAITH.

We two stood wondering while a red moon broke
  The heaven's pale blue, and very full of peace
Seemed all the garden-stillness; then you spoke
  Of all things beautiful, the sure increase
  Of field and flower, and straightway there did cease
The knell of doubt: those Galilean folk
  Must so have listened, till they won release
From burden of the intolerable yoke.
Even as the tranquil image of the moon
  Sailed on in gradual triumph, so there sank
The surge and moan of barren questioning
  Flung backward from a wall of darkness blank:
For Faith upraised you peaceably to sing
The grandeur of our universal boon.

The Nation.

IN A WOOD.

Hush, 'tis thy voice!
No, but a bird upon the bough
Romancing to its mate, but where art thou
To bid my heart rejoice?

'Tis thy hand, speak!
No, but the branches striking in the wind
Let loose a withered leaf that falls behind,
Blown to my cheek.

Hush, thy footfall!
No, 'tis a streamlet hidden in the fern.
Thus from dawn to dark I wait, I learn
Sorrow is all.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, THE MAN AND THE MONARCH.

Nothing is more singular in the history of men and their achievements than the disparity which often exists between their actual ability and personality and the influence they exert in the world. This is frequently the case, of course, with monarchs, who succeed to their honors without question of desire or ability, but in most cases a mediocre monarch will have a mediocre reign—he will be dominated by stronger minds or will fall to the level of weaker ones. Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary did neither. When he succeeded his uncle in 1848, as a boy of eighteen, he was in no way remarkable either in intellect or in character. If any prediction had been risked by those best acquainted with him it would have foreshadowed a career of military enterprise, since the whole of his childish and youthful interests lay in that direction. Later on he developed the tendencies common to his age and the class in which he was born. He was a sportsman, a gallant, a bigoted aristocrat and clericalist—he lived the gay, wild life of the young Austrian noble, and as a ruler he believed in absolutism. Had his career been interrupted at this stage he would have left practically no mark on history. No one knowing the history of his house and the characteristic obstinacy and rigidity of the Habsburgs would have expected anything from him but a long fight, predestined to failure, against the forces of Liberalism which had been crushed under in '48 but were slowly rising to the surface again. In the early 'sixties, however, Francis Joseph, still in the hot-headed period of young manhood, began to develop a policy of constitutionalism. After that he moved with the times, and, instead of growing older, he grew younger. Youth, in most lives, is the imaginative, receptive, and imitative period, and after forty a man gets settled in his views. Francis Joseph was the exception. After a long period, in which his ideas can be traced in the story of his realm, slowly but surely expanding, rising to meet the spirit of the times, he crowned his achievements at the age of seventy-seven, close on the sixtieth year of his reign, by introducing universal suffrage in Austria, and thereby practically forcing it on Hungary. It is one of the paradoxes of history that he should accomplish this revolution, by an unsparing use of his personal authority, at a time when the young Emperor of Russia, once considered so liberal in tendency, is fighting with his full force to preserve autocracy, and when the most modern of monarchs, William II., is the declared champion of conservatism and the divine right of kings. Francis Joseph began as an absolutist and ends as a reformer. The man of mediocre talents showed himself more abreast of his times than the most brilliant and advanced of a generation younger than his own. When history comes to be written, in the perspective which only years can give, this Habsburg will be judged the most remarkable of a line which began to play a leading *rôle* in Europe so far back as 1273. And yet Francis Joseph was not endowed with exceptional talents.

In order to gauge the measure of his success as a monarch one has to recollect the difficulties to which, with the crowns of Austria and Hungary, he succeeded. To a certain extent these difficulties were common to all European monarchs in 1848, the year of revolutions. But, apart from the stirring

of the waters of political and social life, which was to accomplish the final overthrow of feudalism and the rise of nationalism in so many parts of Europe, Francis Joseph had to face an internal situation of peculiar difficulty. His realm was no homogeneous empire, with a bond of latent nationalism; it was an accretion of States—Kingdoms, Duchies, Principalities—round a ruling House. For centuries the Habsburgs had built up their family estates by marriage, conquest, sometimes by exchange. Always they had clung tenaciously to their hereditary estates, but it was only in the reign of Maria Theresa and her successors that any attempt was made to convert these straggling possessions into something approaching a centralized State. This meant the imposition of a German-speaking bureaucracy on the Hungarians, Croatians, Bohemians and Serbs, Wallachs, and Italians, who had enjoyed national privileges and a varying measure of autonomy.

After 1815, when Europe took breath after the Napoleonic wars and began to orientate herself afresh, it was clear that the Holy Roman Empire was as dead in fact as it was in name—it had been in reality dead long before. The House of Habsburg, long heir to the mantle of Charlemagne, was now ambitious to reconstruct a fresh empire, more concentrated and tangible, but standing equally for the forces of tradition and authority against the rising tide of liberalism. The pursuance of this ideal in the teeth of the renascent nationalism of Italians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Croats, and even the smaller fragments of Slav nations, landed the House of Austria in what looked like a quagmire of disaffection among their subjects. The Habsburgs stood for reaction in Europe, and so long as possible they sat heavily on the safety-valve of nationalism in Germany. In 1848 Louis Philippe fell, and this was the beacon fire for revolution throughout Europe. Milan, Venice, Prague, Vienna itself, rose against the Habsburgs. The German States took fire; the King of Bavaria had to abdicate, and Government after Government, in panic fear, acceded to the demand for reform. Metternich, since 1815 the master-spirit of absolutism, fell for ever and was a fugitive. Hungary broke into open revolt and demanded national independence, and Croatia remained loyal, despite her "national" aspirations, only out of antagonism to Hungary.

To this imbroglio Francis Joseph succeeded, and by military force (with Russian aid) recaptured his capital, stamped out the flames throughout his empire, and after stern reprisals, settled down as the incarnation of absolutism under the influence of his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, and of the Jesuits who were her advisers. The Habsburgs have owed much to their loyalty to the Church, and at this crisis they were powerfully upheld by it. In two directions, however, the Church was powerless. It could not stem the rising tides of nationalism, either in Italy or in Germany, and so, under the leadership of the Houses of Savoy and Hohenzollern, these two countries gradually slipped and struggled away from that allegiance to the Habsburgs which had been a heritage from the Holy Roman Empire. After ten years of reaction, Austria saw her troops defeated at Magenta and Solferino in 1859, and seven years later at Sadowa. Thenceforth she was entirely excluded from the Germanic confederation, and at the same time—notwithstanding her successes at Custozza and Lissa—was compelled to surrender her last Italian province, Venetia.

It has frequently been the case with this oldest of European States, however, that she has emerged strengthened from a lost battle. There is no

doubt that the lopping off the Italian provinces and final exclusion from German affairs, far from being a death-blow, was really the means of preserving Austria from disintegration. These reverses of Austria, however, led to a renewed activity among the subject nationalities, and, as the Hungarians succeeded, in 1867, in securing the recognition of their national independence, the Czechs were encouraged to further exertions. It is at this point that the career of Francis Joseph, as a statesman, really begins. The traditional non-compromising policy of the Habsburgs was no longer tenable, and it became necessary to abandon mere oppression and suppression for a constructive line, if the Austrian Empire was to be held together. Had Francis Joseph been a mere traditional Habsburg he would never have recognized this, but would have gone down fighting a hopeless battle for the old *régime*.

Whether as Emperor of Austria or King of Hungary, Francis Joseph as a constitutional monarch has had not one but many Irish questions to reckon with. His constitutional position made him a real arbiter between these warring factors. Parliamentary government in both halves of the Dual Monarchy differs materially from that in Great Britain. The Emperor-King chose his own Prime Minister and Cabinet, and entrusted them with the task of organizing a parliamentary majority. Frequently the programme was none of their making, and at times the Government held office for months in the teeth of an Opposition majority. As all the parties in the Austrian Parliament until the last one were divided on race grounds, and even sub-divided, though still liable to coalesce for certain "national" purposes, it was always possible for a united party like the Poles to turn the scale at critical moments in return for concessions from the Government. This manœuvre they repeated with much success. In Hungary such tactics on the part of the delegates from the "subject races" (Roumans, Croats, or Serbs) have not been possible, because the Magyars have always formed a compact majority and united on all "national" questions, besides securing their own predominance through their electoral arrangements. This superior solidarity of the Hungarian Parliament has given it a constant advantage over the Austrian since the *Ausgleich* in 1867, and especially in those delegations from the two bodies which form a Parliament for Common Affairs. The compactness of the Magyars has enabled them to set their Sovereign at defiance, and by refusing to vote supplies to bring the whole government of State to a deadlock, at which stage it could only be carried on by Royal mandates. The Austrian Parliament came to an equally impassable state through the refusal of the Czechs to support any legislation until they had secured their national rights. Concessions to them brought about wild disorder among the Germans, and even led to a propaganda for displacing the Habsburgs by the Hohenzollerns.

Among these conflicting elements the Emperor-King had to pick his way—facing crisis after crisis with never-ending resource, forming coalitions, organizing, combining, placating first one and then another. In this task he became *facile princeps*, and all the more so, perhaps, because he was not a man with great ideals or lofty aspirations. "To know what is practically, from what is theoretically, possible in Austria, one needs to have been Emperor for fifty years!" This, in his own words, was the secret of his success, read in the light of devotion to duty and capacity for taking infinite pains. He has been accused alternately of caprice and of opportunism, and a cursory study of his reign might seem to

justify the latter epithet. When we take it as a whole, however, when we remember the peculiarities of the situation, we see that throughout there runs, like a golden thread, a genuine love for his people and anxiety to secure their ultimate good. Other Habsburgs have thought chiefly or only of their family and its greatness in Europe. Francis Joseph, equally bent on maintaining the realm which he inherited, became something more than a mere follower of what is known in history as the "Habsburg family policy." Without being a man of wide imagination he was yet able to rise to the conception of a true Empire, in which the best of each nationality should survive, and in which the dynasty should be "broad based upon the people's will." What looks like opportunism was really a genuine desire to give each section of his subjects a share in the advancing liberalism of the times. The treatment of his Ministers is equally a part of his statecraft, and not, as is sometimes said, the result of mere caprice or of ingratitude.

The conditions of parliamentary life are such as to encourage, nay invite, all kinds of petty intrigues, and had it been known beforehand that a Prime Minister was on the point of resigning half a dozen cabals would at once have been on foot. At many a crisis, therefore, the Emperor refused the proffered resignation of his Minister, who retired feeling stronger than ever. Suddenly he heard that he was superseded—a new Cabinet was appointed, and the hint to resign came only when the Emperor had his alternative clearly thought out and ready. Banffy was astonished in this way when Szell announced his own appointment as Premier, and the latter had an equally unpleasant surprise when he was told that Tisza had been commissioned to form a Hungarian Cabinet. Again, in 1904, on the morning of December 31st, Körber little imagined that in twenty-four hours his portfolio would be in the hands of Gautsch; and Goluchowski, in 1906, vainly tendered his resignation weeks before he fell, and did not know that his time was come when he entered the Emperor's Cabinet for the last time.

Such arbitrary conduct would have been less excusable in a younger man. Francis Joseph not only outlived two generations of statesmen, but, with the retentive memory and ardent application which characterized him, became a real storehouse of precedent and rules, besides holding all the strings of affairs in his own hands. Beside him his Ministers appear children in experience and in the sort of wisdom in the conduct of parliamentary affairs which only long experience can give. They, as a rule, are submerged in the politics of the moment, caught up in the movement of races or of their own class. He, sitting above and seeing the happenings of more than half a century defile before his mind's eye, detects the real world-currents, discriminates, and directs. It has been already said that he was not exceptionally endowed by Nature. Possibly such a task would have discouraged a man of brilliant intellect and high ideals. Francis Joseph was, from youth, practical, conscientious, patient, and plodding. As early as 1851 the Saxon Ambassador, Count Vitzthum, spoke of his prodigious memory and his almost painful sense of duty. These qualities never forsook him. His industry is proverbial. Everything signed must be carefully examined, and he has often set his Ministers right on points of detail. The exact page or clause was not to be recalled, but in such and such a law of such and such a year would be found provisions——. On one occasion he is said to have detected a mistake in the draft of a penal code which had

eluded the vigilance of the lawyer who endorsed it. A characteristic not uncommon to his family is a sort of homely shrewdness and native wit, which are excellent qualities for a monarch to possess.

The great triumph of Francis Joseph as a statesman-parliamentarian came in 1907, when he succeeded in putting through a scheme for universal suffrage in his Austrian dominions, and from his sick bed saved the *Ausgleich*. To break up all the elaborate machinery of class representation, with its vested interests, and to replace it by a direct and simple electorate with a democratic basis was a revolutionary measure in Austrian eyes, especially as it involved weakening the power of the German middle class, as well as reducing the influence of the great land-owners. We are concerned only with the Emperor's point of view, and although in detail this is a matter of conjecture it is fairly plain in principle. First he desired to broaden the base on which his dynasty rested by identifying it with the interests of the people, rather than allowing it to be identified with the German-speaking middle class or the nobility alone. On the loyalty of the latter he could count, but the former were already honeycombed with disaffection and the Pan-German arguments which appeal to the pocket rather than to national sentiment. Second, he hoped to break up the racial parties and replace them by political combinations, so that parliamentary government might cease to be a farce; and accordingly the proportion of representatives of each race was fixed beforehand, to avoid any electoral strife on racial grounds. The Czech representative is voted for by Czechs on a Czech register, and the German on a German register in the same way. Finally, the Emperor undoubtedly meant to deal a blow at the Magyar oligarchy, which had captured the citadel of power in Hungary, and, on the one hand, were oppressing their own non-Magyar subjects, while on the other they steered for a complete rupture of the Dual Alliance with Austria. Universal suffrage in Hungary, he thought, could hardly be delayed when granted in Austria, and, once granted, the representation of the non-Magyar majority, even if incomplete, must inevitably lead to a modification of the intensely chauvinistic Magyar policy.

Francis Joseph took this extreme step partly under the influence of recent happenings in Russia, and in so doing he showed a broad-minded appreciation of world tendencies. There was the strongest opposition from the Conservative element among his most devoted servants and supporters, but in this crisis he secured the encouragement of the Clerical Party, who, seeing their position sapped by the German so-called Liberals, were anxious to counteract them by calling into play the forces of a democracy still enthusiastically Catholic. Many were the intrigues on foot to wreck the Bill, but the steady decision of the Emperor and his personal authority and influence finally won the day. It was an extraordinary feat at the age of seventy-seven, and when the first democratic parliament opened, on June 19th, 1907, with a speech of twenty minutes' duration from the throne, the scene was strikingly impressive and pathetic. This speech, it was remarked at the time, read like a testament. "It is my most lively desire to leave when the time shall come, as a precious inheritance to my peoples, the assured existence of their national possessions, and thereby to guarantee to all a national peace that may become a joint treasure of all lovers of the Fatherland." The reform, he continued, "is based on my trust in the loyalty of my peoples to the State," and he proceeded to expand this idea to the effect that

the widening of political life might go hand in hand with the strengthening of the State, and (we may add) the dynasty. In this connection it must not be forgotten that loyalty to the dynasty is as much a matter of course to the peasant of Austria as loyalty to the church of his fathers. His affection for "Der Alter Herr" is a thing quite apart. "Unser Kaiser" is a possession, a part of his family. There is nothing in Europe quite like this homely, familiar affection for the monarch, entirely different from the superstitious reverence which the Russian *moujik* felt for the Czar until the last few years. In Vienna "Unser Kaiser" is idolized by the people, among whom he was wont to go unguarded. There is a funny little story of how the carriages were mobbed while driving to the wedding of the Crown Prince, and how the Emperor, standing up, called out, "Now, children, it is the Prince's wedding, not his funeral nor your own you've come to see. Give us room to breathe!" The Habsburgs have long been on most familiar terms with their dear Viennese.

The later relations of Francis Joseph with Hungary were founded, on his part, on the *Ausgleich* of 1867, which his Minister Beust made with the statesman-patriot Deak. His great grievance against the Magyars, after the Liberal Party in Hungary had disappeared, was that they would not acknowledge the obligations or permanency of the *Ausgleich* and endeavored to go beyond it. On a question of his constitutional rights the Emperor was adamant, and it was his firm belief that the Magyars acted unconstitutionally in their attempt to secure economic independence and the use of Magyar as the "language of command" in the army. With the merits of this controversy we are not concerned here, merely with the fact that in the strong belief in his own rights he, like Cromwell, dispersed the recalcitrant parliament by force. From this emergency he was delivered by the timely surrender of certain Magyar leaders, who "reserved their principles" and formed a Coalition Government. In October, 1907, while seriously ill, he put through the commercial *Ausgleich* in the teeth of opposition from Coalition leaders. Politics apart, however, there is in Hungary a deep and genuine feeling of loyalty to the dynasty, and an affection for the old Emperor, while Elizabeth and Rudolph were idolized by the Hungarians, whose language they knew well. Francis Joseph spoke a little, at all events, of the languages of all his peoples, and the stories current of his mixing up speeches in Hungarian and making other ludicrous mistakes are apocryphal.

Although an absolute and real ruler within his own realm, Francis Joseph has not had a free hand with her foreign policy. Personal feeling would have inclined him to side with Russia during the Crimean War, but political exigencies made it undesirable that Russian influence should increase in the Balkans, and Austria remained neutral, despite her deep debt to Russia for help in 1849. Schwarzenberg said that "Austria's ingratitude will astonish the world," but in 1878, when the treaty of Berlin increased Austria's holding among the Southern Slavs and gave her a commanding position over Macedonia, the question of gratitude to Russia was even less considered. By this time, however, the bond between Germany and Austria—of which the first link was forged by Bismarck after 1866 (when he refrained from pushing Prussian successes over Austria, either to secure territorial or monetary indemnity)—was a paramount influence. It was Bismarck's firm belief that Austria was necessary to Prussian aspirations, and he laid himself out to secure friendly relations with Vienna. In

1870, however, Austria would undoubtedly have joined France, if Bismarck had not forestalled the preparations by the suddenness of his attack. Soon after this the alliance of the three Emperors to maintain the *status quo* was established. For some little time the ascendancy of Slav influence in Vienna led to strained relations with Berlin, but the treaty of 1879, already mentioned, set matters straight again, and left Austria, as Bismarck had hoped, permanently embroiled in the Balkans. Then came the Triple Alliance (to which Italy has always been a half-hearted adherent), and even the supersession of Bismarck made no change in the relations of Germany and Austria. According to Prince Hohenlohe, indeed, William II. was more loyal to his Austrian ally than his Chancellor, who was ready to throw over everything to regain a footing with Russia forfeited in 1878. Francis Joseph, so long the *doyen* of European monarchs, has enjoyed a great deal of respect and affection, and on many occasions his knowledge of affairs has been drawn on by his fellow-rulers, and has been most useful to them.

It is almost with regret that one turns from the picture of Francis Joseph, the successful monarch, triumphing over so many difficulties, steering the ship of State through troubled waters, and accomplishing even after a long and useful life an act of such courage and wisdom that it is a fitting crown to his work. Francis Joseph the man was not born under a fortunate star. Kind-hearted and chivalrous, a handsome and gallant youth, a brave and conscientious man, he came to grief on the shoals of an unhappy marriage, and that although he married for love and chose one of the best as well as the most beautiful of women. The story has been told too often to bear repetition, and Elizabeth has won sympathy because her husband was undoubtedly tempted by other fair faces, and because, beautiful and romantic, she herself was always chaste. The true cause of their unhappiness was undoubtedly incompatibility of temperament, aggravated by the interference of friends and relations, who, as a rule, were all on the side of the Emperor and against his unhappy wife. One is inclined to believe, however, in reading the eulogies of this ill-fated princess by her most devoted friends, that she was a being far "too fine and good for human nature's daily food." A more commonplace wife would have made a better husband of a man whose faults were the result of bad training and influence, and not of an evil nature. One can hardly bear, however, to lay blame at the door of any one in this saddest of human tragedies. It is enough to remember that the Emperor was deprived of that home life in which he might have expected to find refreshment and solace from affairs of State. There were three children—the Archduchess Gisela, born 1856; Rudolph, born 1858; and Maria Valeria, the child of his reconciliation with the Empress, born in 1868. The tragedies in the house of Wittelsbach and in his own family cast a further shadow over the Emperor's private life. Of these it is only necessary to recall the death of the mad king Ludwig of Bavaria, the death of Maximilian of Mexico, the case of "Johann Orth," the death from fire of the young daughter of Archduke Albrecht (her dress caught fire from a cigarette she was smoking), and the death of the Duchesse d'Alençon at a charity bazaar in Paris. Such events in his immediate family circle must have tried the Emperor severely, but the crowning tragedies came in the suicide of his only son Rudolph, at Mayerling, in 1889, and the murder of Elizabeth at Geneva nine years later.

The actual truth about Rudolph's

death will probably never be authoritatively given to the world, but it is understood in Austria that he had a painful interview with his father shortly before, and that the lady who was his companion and shared his fate understood their meeting to be one of eternal farewell. Extravagant stories have been built on this foundation, but it is not difficult to imagine that the father made an appeal to his son, for the sake of the dynasty and the country, which Rudolph could not at the time resist, though later his resolution to part with the woman he loved failed him. The Empress was first informed of the dreadful news, and it was she who insisted on breaking it to the Emperor herself, and who accompanied him when they went to tell the widow, Stephanie. The Emperor is represented as receiving not only this news, but that of the death of his wife, in 1898, with stoic fortitude, and this is sometimes described as hardness of heart. Nothing that is known of his private life confirms such a supposition. A most affectionate father, and doting grandfather, the great delight of his more recent years has been to have his great-grandchildren, the little ones of the Archduchess Elizabeth, with him at Schönbrunn. Charming stories are told of the notice he used to take of children in the streets and crowds. As to his feeling for Elizabeth, despite their long estrangement they drew together in their great sorrow, and he publicly declared that her sympathy and help alone had sustained him in the dark hour.

It is with relief that one turns from these painful aspects of the life of a man who was not built for tragedy, but rather for simple pleasures and useful work, to the friendship which, for twenty-five years, has been the real "private life" of Francis Joseph. It is thoroughly characteristic. The friend, Madame Schratt, is an ex-actress, a middle-class lady of no special pretensions to beauty, and remarkable only for her common-sense and kind heart. She never wished to become a Madame de Montespan, much less a Pompadour, but lives in quiet comfort, in a pleasantly *bourgeois* establishment, near the Palace in Vienna, or at Ischl, the Emperor's country residence. She has never sought patronage for *protégés*, nor advancement of any kind, nor meddled in politics. Her tact is so complete that she has been recognized not only by the people, among whom she is most popular, but in Court and society, and even by Elizabeth herself, who visited her twice—perhaps to wonder what it was this homely woman possessed which she, with all her beauty and intellect, lacked. A popular photograph, freely circulated in Austria, shows the Emperor seated at breakfast with Madame Schratt, her dog on a chair between them. Here is a daily programme of their life.

Every day, after rising at five, the Emperor takes coffee and perhaps strolls a little with his old friend. When his work is over for the day, after hours spent at his standing desk, receptions, or Court functions, he goes back to dine very simply, drinking Pilsener beer, at the Schratt villa. One glass of good Bordeaux after the meal and then a game at cards—*tarok*, a kind of whist, was the favorite—with two or three elderly men who drop quietly in. One of the *habitués* summoned constantly to meet the "Colonel" (as his Majesty is called in the Schratt villa) is Herr Palmer of the *Londesbank;* another is the well-known financier, Taussig. The friends of Francis Joseph's youth were his governor's sons, the Counts Charles and Marc Bombelles, Count-Taafe, and Count de Coronini, all members of the nobility, and, with the exception of Taafe, with little but their rank to

commend them. In old age Francis Joseph found his friends in the middle, or even the lower, classes. When he still went on hunting expeditions he was friendly with all and fond of practical jokes of a boyish character. At one time he used to chat freely with a bookbinder named Groner, who was a man of character and brains. This democratic taste is quite in keeping with family traditions, for the Habsburgs were always *sans gêne* with all their subjects. Pomp and etiquette the Emperor tolerated, and even encouraged from policy, while the Empress foolishly rebelled against them, but his tastes were always simple, and homely, and his manner unassuming. His private rooms are almost Spartan in their simplicity, and he never had extravagant tastes. The Schratt *ménage*, despite its abstention from all interference with public affairs, has played an important *rôle* in bringing the Emperor into touch with intelligent and broad-minded men, and counteracting the influence of the Court and family cliques. Bismarck once spoke of "Austria's idiot archdukes," but although there have been cases of eccentricity among them, by no means are all idiotic or even stupid. The majority, however, suffer from the restriction of ideas and bigoted conservatism of their class and race, and the Emperor and his country would have been the losers if he had had no outlook on affairs save through family spectacles.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who inherits the thrones of Austria and Hungary, is at present a "dark horse," but he has shown in the last few years, when he has frequently taken part with his uncle in public affairs, a strength of character and purpose which augur well for the future. Francis Joseph deserves well of his generation; well of Europe, where he held together an unstable empire; well of his countries, which he preserved from dissolution; and especially well of his heir, to whom he bequeaths the prestige and popularity of the Habsburg dynasty undimmed by years of strife and revolution. Whatever happens, whether his life-work endure or no, he deserves well, too, of posterity for an example of duty faithfully done and of burdens bravely borne by one who was no hero, but just a kindly, honest, human being, not too proud to let experience be his teacher.

Archibald R. Colquhoun.

The Fortnightly Review.

STILL MORE DICTA OF THE POOR.*

It is very difficult for dwellers in the happy world of knowledge and enjoyment to form any conception of what the life of the country poor is really like. There are few who realize it, or indeed have any chance of doing so. The Squire does not, nor Lady Susan, nor the people at the Rectory, where a dignified rectory exists. The idea commonly entertained by the upper classes is that the poor lead on a more modest scale the same kind of life that they do themselves, with smaller rooms, shorter holidays, and fewer courses at dinner. The difference, they think, is one of degree, not of kind. Where this pleasant fiction can by no possibility be maintained, it is said to be due to want of "management." If the laborers' wives were as "managers" what Shelley was as a poet, there might be some chance of this fancy becoming fact. But genius is always the exception.

To know the poor as they are one must live literally among them, with no comfortable veil of illusion and distance between their life and one's own.

* See "The Living Age," November 9, 1907.

The person who knows them better than any one else is the country curate who has rooms in a laborer's cottage, detained by the laborer's wife in her particular circle of the Inferno as an unwelcome but profitable guest, or the country vicar who in the mysterious dispensations of the Anglican Establishment is compelled to occupy half of such a cottage as the Presbytery.

The cruelty of their condition is of course very great. I am concerned here, however, not with its causes or remedies, but with its result in their outlook upon life. It is not too much to say that for many of them, especially the women, the outside world does not exist. For many of the more strictly cloistered victims of huge families and fifteen shillings a week the village itself does not exist. Returning one afternoon from a round of parish visiting, I attempted to relate my experiences to the woman who brought in my tea. I expatiated on the rheumatism of one sufferer, the bronchitis of another, and the wretched state of the cottages, intensifying the misery of both. The sole answer I received from my distraught listener was the remark, "When I eats a piece of new bread, it allus do give 'Olly the wind." Sometimes, indeed, a fact related by a Sunday newspaper gains an entrance into such minds, stealing in from the outside world "like one long ray thro' the hinge's chink." I remember endeavoring to interest the same woman in the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. "Yes," was the response—a very listless "yes"; and then, brightening a little, "And wasn't it awful about that there Miss Palmer?" Ah! that breath from the outside world, how sorely they need it, poor souls! This need, I think, even more than the extra two or three shillings a week, explains the anxiety of many of these captives to take in a lodger into their already crowded homes. A lodger of their own class, yet some one new and different, coming from the great outside, brings a touch of variety and novelty into the wearisome monotony of their days. Remember that it is by no means uncommon for a mother with a young family scarcely to go outside her door for sixteen or eighteen months together, and then think what a relief the sight of a new face, the sound of a fresh voice must be. This relief is given for a moment even by the coming of the butcher or the baker to the door. These little visits cheer up poor Mrs. Denny wonderfully. "Nice butcher," or "Nice baker" she will say, "I likes 'im." I have known the fresh face act like a charm. Last year, for instance, after a severe outbreak of the usual February ailments, I wished to have the house disinfected. I have already explained to the readers of this review the arrangement of the Epistle and Gospel side of the cottage I live in. The proposal was received by Mrs. Denny with white-hot indignation, and for several days we all, husband, children, lodger, vicar, were swept round and round like lost souls in the *bufera infernal* of her wrath. But I was firm, and at last the day of sulphur came—*dies iræ, dies illa*. I went out in the morning, and meekly returning at night found the house reeking with the fumigation, and Mrs. Denny standing in the doorway wreathed in smiles. The Sanitary Inspector had wrought the miracle, all trouble was washed away in a wave of new impressions, and she stood there delighted at the discomfiture of her husband amid the fumes.

This eagerness to welcome any new excitement sometimes has very unpleasant consequences, as in the instance I am now going to relate. A penniless lunatic, whom her relatives were on the point of getting into Brookwood, escaped, and took refuge in the Dennys' half of the cottage. As a mat-

ter of fact, as the Epistle side was already quite sufficiently crowded, she overflowed into the Gospel side, and was billeted in my spare room. Here she remained for five weeks, saying that she felt she could make her home nowhere else. The already overwrought Mrs. Denny waited on her hand and foot, and fed her on the fat of the land. From time to time she made brief excursions into the outer world, saying she thought she would find somewhere else to perch, but she always returned like the dove to the Ark at evening. The Dennys, I think, looked upon her as a kind of albatross, bringing good luck in return for hospitality. The lunatic said she "considered it most holy to be under the same roof as a clergyman." She was constant in her attendance at church, and used to say that the reason she disliked being at Brookwood was that she could not attend to her religion properly while there. She attributed her present escape to her zeal in attending an Ash Wednesday service. This episode led to a rupture of my relations with the Denny family.

There lies often, crushed and hidden, deep down in the most apathetic, Matthew Arnold's "keen longing for beauty and sweetness," shown in such traits as a love for flowers. As I have before remarked, the form it most often takes is the delighted dwelling upon the doings of the great, the local gentry, and those more distant and glorified potentates some echo of whose life, death, and miracles is borne by the Press into the remotest village. A royal wedding brings to countless thousands a moment of unselfish pleasure. The love-story of the King and Queen of Spain, for instance, was followed with the keenest sympathy by at any rate the feminine portion of the whole village public. "Dear me! she is seeing some life," was the exclamation called forth by the pictorial representations of the queen's first bull-fight. The enthusiasm evoked by the wedding burst out anew on the occasion of the birth of the little prince. "Fancy," one woman remarked to me, "the Pope standing outside the door in his robes, waiting to baptize the child." No less august a personage could satisfy the rustic sense of what was fitting, and so the Prisoner of the Vatican was transported by the village imagination to Madrid.

The veneration for the "quality" and corresponding contempt for those not born in the purple is very great. Any want of *savoir faire* on the part of the middle classes is mercilessly criticized. "See 'em with sparrygrass," exclaimed the wife of an agricultural laborer with withering sarcasm about her husband's employers at the farm. It seems that the farmer and his wife on the first appearance of the hitherto unknown delicacy had begun at the wrong end. They munched the stalks and threw away the tips, afterwards remarking that "they didn't reckon nothing o' sparrygrass." Many of the village women, by the way, have gained some knowledge of *la haute cuisine*, and the ways of the gentry generally, in service in their youth. "Gentry won't look at a leg o' mutton," one remarked proudly; "nothing but the saddle, and that with jelly." "I should like to make an aspeck," she sighed plaintively on another occasion. Another who had been a servant in a great house used frequently to discourse on the knowledge of the French tongue she had gained in her intercourse with the chef. "He often used to say 'Venez ici,' she would remark; it means 'Give us a kiss.'"

The liking for the best is very pronounced. "You'll have to get Jack a bicycle," I said to Mrs. Morris one day, *apropos* of her boy having to walk a long distance to his work. "Pshaw!" was the reply. "I likes an 'orse."

When both alike are unattainable, one may as well aspire to a sheep as a lamb. The desire to gild and ornament the hard facts of life, to appear refined and civil, however wild and boorish one may be, is, after all, a very human instinct. I know a cottage woman who, in the presence of company, makes her little girl address her as "My mother dear." "Yes, my mother dear," "No, my mother dear," the unfortunate child has to say. In the stricter intimacies of the family circle their intercourse is after this sort: "Wants some more jam." "You sha'n't have no more jam." "Wants some more jam." "If you say that again I'll break every bone in your body." "Wants some more jam." "Take the whole pot."

Board schools and cheap newspapers have much to answer for in corrupting the language of the poor. At present they speak for the most part a strange bookish jargon. The old proverbial expressions are even transmogrified by them into high-sounding phrases. "They've got their cottage into *apropos* order," a woman remarked to me the other day. This, however, is a very felicitous example. "He commenced with a most beautiful peroration," said another, descanting with enthusiasm on the oratory of an eloquent preacher who had visited the parish church. Owing to the breakdown of the Denny *ménage* it has recently been my lot to re-engage a housekeeper who had formerly officiated in that capacity but with whom, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, my relations had become somewhat strained. On re-entering upon her duties the good woman announced that she had just "had her microscope cast," and the fortune-teller had told her that she "would shortly be restored to a friend who would be a friend indeed, if he was properly treated." There was a certain appropriateness in the title bestowed by another villager on a German band. She always spoke of them as "the banditti." German bands, by the way, are by no means popular in villages. They are disliked as alien, and there is, moreover, a rooted belief in all parts of England that they bring rain. The same good soul combined the greatest kindness to children in practice with the most rigorous severity in theory. On one occasion, the village schoolmaster having been summoned by aggrieved parents for caning their boy, she exclaimed with righteous indignation, "Is people to be brought before the Majestical Bench for doing their duty in correcting the childer?"

I fear the adoption of grandiose language is no sign of mental enlargement. A Scotch gamekeeper who had travelled from the North to a Surrey village recently created great amusement by speaking of "England." "He calls this 'ere England," I was told; "did you ever hear such a way of talking?" All over the country the rustics, you will find, never think of themselves as "English." They consider themselves *the* people, though in the dim distance there are divergent, abnormal beings, Frenchmen, Rooshans, and Eyetalians. "These 'ere Japanezers" have in the last year or two, like some new planet, "swum into their ken."

Their ideas of history are very vague and mixed. Nothing, for instance, can shake their unalterable conviction that the ancient Romans were Roman Catholics. A moving description of the martyrdom of St. Alban called forth the remark, "Dear me! To think them Catholics should have treated a poor Christian like that." "All the best stained glass is of the time of the ancient Romans," remarked another cottager, travelled and more ambitious than the run. "I always did hear," she went on, not altogether without truth, "that England was never a patch on Rome in the blending of colors."

I found one day a cottage wall decorated with two parish almanacs, one representing Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," the other a German picture of "The Good Shepherd." "Two beautiful pictures of our Saviour," said the proud exhibitor, "one with a lantern and the other with a walking-stick." A woman was examining the well-known German engravings "Death as a Friend" and "Death as an Avenger," with a certain languid interest one day in my presence. As she turned away she shook her head incredulously, and murmured "All surmise." "Dear me, I've known all them parables since I was that high," said an unconscious "modernist" to the clergyman who attempted to read to her from the Gospel of St. John.

The religion of the country poor is for the most part of a very non-committal character. I remember speaking one day to a laborer about the Holy Communion. He declined the invitation, but added cautiously, "I can't say as I ever saw any harm in such things."

However, this is too wide and deep a subject to be entered upon at the close of a paper of rambling gossip. The religion, I think, that would appeal to them would be one of funereal solemnity. They feel that religion should be of a piece with life, and for them life is dour enough, poor things. They would, no doubt, listen with gloomy satisfaction to a severe Calvinist thundering at them from a three-decker, *infulatus pontifix*, wrapped in a black gown. The Church of the Oxford Movement is too cheerful for them, except on the one permitted exception of the Harvest Festival. Cardinal Newman long ago pointed out that the only article of the Faith to which the mass of the English people give a real assent is the Providence of God. Altogether in accordance with this is the position assigned to the Harvest Festival in the rustic Christian year. I know the scorn poured on this function by my ecclesiastical brethren of the stricter observance, and in theory I am altogether with them. It is no doubt deplorable that at least ten times as many people come to my own church for the Harvest Thanksgiving as on Ascension Day. But I have a little of the milk of human kindness, and I cannot bring myself to sneer at anything which gives so much pleasure and calls up so many good and Christian thoughts. On that one day, at any rate, in rural England the Church performs her normal function of gathering the people together and softening and brightening life. The hymns tell of the people's daily life and work. They speak too of the seed sown in the churchyard, and of the great Harvest, finding out tender places in rough hearts. It is like an English "Jour des Morts." The little church, too, overflows with gorgeous color. The pumpkins are as big and yellow as those that lie basking in Italian fields, and, bright in the chill sunshine, flaunts on font and screen and altar the gay bravado of the autumn flowers.

R. L. Gales.

The National Review.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XV.

MR. RICHARD WYNNE TEACHES BARABEL TO RIDE.

While these events were taking place in Boronach, Barabel was having riding-lessons from Mr. Richard Wynne.

Has it ever occurred to the sentimental reader to observe how curiously incongruous distance causes the thoughts and occupations of those most closely related by blood or affection to be at one and the same time? In a far-away land officers sit at mess, and as good stories go round, the laugh of one young subaltern is merriest of all; yet across the seas in his home the blinds have just been drawn down, and behind them Death has left mourning and desolation: on the outskirts of the compound a sentry struggles desperately with a treacherous foe, and as the issues of life and death are being decided for him, far off in an English village the woman he loves goes singing about her work.

So the story runs every day of our lives; and thus it was that while the grim spectre of want stalked through Boronach, and Colin Stewart fought valiantly with it and with himself, Barabel rode gaily through English lanes with Mr. Richard Wynne and his cousin Sally.

William and Epple had agreed not to say anything in their letters about the hard times in the place: it could do no good, and would only make the girl miserable. So Barabel remained in happy ignorance. At school an epidemic of scarlet fever had broken out, and when our heroine was convalescent after a very mild attack of the malady, Sally Wynne, who had remained the first and foremost of her girl friends, carried her off to her own home at Haforth to recuperate. Barabel had seldom had a pleasanter holiday, and could hardly have spent one in a happier home. She was a great favorite with the Archdeacon and with gentle, delicate Mrs. Wynne, who passed half her life on the sofa, and with them she never thought of those passionate childish resolutions of hers never to belong to any life but the life of her own people. Unconsciously these had been breaking down a little of late years, and as the girl's life and companionships at school raised slowly but surely a slight yet very real barrier between her and the old existence in Boronach, so her intimacy with the Wynnes attracted her insensibly to the ease and comfort and grace of surroundings altogether different. Haforth was a sleepy little country town, and owing to Mrs. Wynne's delicacy, the inmates of the Rectory led a quieter life than they might otherwise have done. Sally and Barabel talked and walked and drove about the lanes in the little pony-carriage, and in the evenings played and sang to Mrs. Wynne, or played chess with the Archdeacon, and were quite content to do little else, till one day Sally's cousin, Mr. Richard Wynne, already referred to, arrived unexpectedly, and brought quite a little breeze with him from London town.

Dick Wynne was known to his intimates as a capital fellow, and was noted a lucky fellow as well. The only son of the late Sergeant Wynne, one of the ablest lawyers of his day, he had inherited a snug little property in one of the hunting shires, and a very comfortable income to boot. He had good abilities and good manners and good looks, and very few cares in the world except a match-making mother, who, having seen her four daughters led to the altar under particularly aus-

picious circumstances, insisted upon pressing the charms of certain "wohlgeboren" and otherwise unexceptionable damsels upon her unwilling son. But Dick was lazy and good-humored, fond of travel and sport, and very much averse to curtailing his bachelor freedom, and, moreover, particularly detested the type of maiden admired by his fashionable mother. From the near neighborhood of one of these young ladies he had in fact fled to Haforth upon this occasion, the Rectory being a sort of house of refuge to which he was accustomed to betake himself upon all and sundry occasions. He had a considerable admiration for his uncle, and the Archdeacon a great liking for his brother's boy; and, indeed, Dick's flying visits were looked forward to by the whole household. Mr. Wynne was not at all put out by Miss Barabel Grant's presence among his relatives, for, despite some of the foregoing remarks, he liked nice girls very much, and had written quite a number of sonnets since the days of his boyhood to "Anthea" and "Elinor" and "Alice," and various other charmers who had pleased him for a time; and although he sometimes made paper lights of these past effusions, he was quite capable of adding another to them still.

He found great pleasure in the society of Sally and her friend—although he was a man of almost thirty and they were only grown-up schoolgirls—and a good deal of enjoyment in giving riding-lessons to Miss Grant; and he admired Barabel very much, with her curls and sparkling eyes; liked the way she took to a horse and the way she sat in the saddle; liked her pluck, too, and thought her the prettiest and wittiest girl he had seen for a long time. "An uncommonly nice girl, too," he called her, "and worth a dozen of his mother's favorites."

"Who is she?" he asked Sally one day. "Scotch—Highland—isn't she? By Jove, she looks it too! She might be a little Flora Macdonald, or some one of that sort—she has spirit for anything." Sally told him, and he looked interested and thoughtful. "Quite a romance, Sally," said he. "Well, she's a charming girl anyway."

As for Barabel, she had never met such a splendid person as Richard Wynne. He was so strong and kind and handsome, and his talk had such a breath of the big wide world in it. He had been everywhere and seen everything, and he spoke of going to Africa or China or the Rockies as one might speak of going next door. She could imagine him the hero of a hundred adventures, and yet he was so modest and talked to her as if she were a princess, and his laugh was a pleasure to hear, it was so frank and jovial.

They were altogether a happy party at Haforth Rectory. The Archdeacon had a particular affection for "The Little Radical," as he called her playfully. He liked to talk to her and make her talk to him, and Barabel was not in the least afraid of the great, wise, big-hearted man.

Richard Wynne had a fine manly voice, and sang the love-songs of old England with some feeling. The evenings went even more pleasantly when he was there.

One night when they were left alone Mrs. Wynne asked her husband when he thought Dick was going away.

"I don't know, my dear," said the Archdeacon rather absently. "It is very pleasant to have him."

"He is greatly taken with Barabel Grant," said Mrs. Wynne doubtfully. "I do not know what Caroline would say."

"My dear," returned her husband, "Richard has come to years of discretion."

Meanwhile in far-away Boronach, where the snow lay still on the hills,

and all was bleak and barren and wintry looking, though it was the beginning of April, a lad in homely homespun was plodding about among cattle and sheep, and albeit he had stripped himself of the wherewithal for the fulfilling of his dreams, was learning to spell happiness with the letters of a girl's name.

XVI.

DR. BOWDEN GIVES A CHANGE TO COLIN.

When Mr. Rory was at last recovered from his accident and returned to Boronach, that was by this time getting very weary of "The Student," he found the place all agog with two topics of conversation,—the first, how the people's distress had been averted through the courage and generosity of young Colin Stewart, Allan's son; and the second, how Dr. Bowden had become a changed man. The accounts of the first gave him nothing but pleasure to listen to, especially as he had watched Colin with interest from the day when he came to him as a young boy to ask that the catechising should be held in Carndhu. The news of the second he received more doubtfully, Dr. Bowden being a man of many moods, and one, moreover, who had never commended himself in any way to him. All kinds of stories about the poor gentleman were afloat. Some said he had seen a dream—a kind of vision which told him he had but three years to live and must prepare for death and judgment; others, that a man going home late to Carran had heard in Carndhu woods sounds which he thought at first to be the work of spirits, but which he presently recognized as the voice of Dr. Bowden praying the Almighty to have mercy on his soul. Sandy Fraser, the inn-keeper, told how one evening he was alone in the bar when the gentleman came in looking very heavy and gloomy, and called for whisky, and how he thought to himself that this was a time of year when he had always a little money, and that being so, how he was likely to have trouble putting him out before he was done drinking. He had just placed the glass before him when Dr. Bowden looked up at a picture that was hanging on the wall, and a look came upon him as if he had been struck. It was the picture of a man with a lantern in his hand knocking at the door of a house.

"Where did you get that?" said he.

Sandy told him he got it from a pedlar who was selling such things.

"Do you know what it is?" said the doctor in a low voice. "It is the Light of the World. It is a picture of our Lord; it should not be here."

Sandy said that when he heard that, he took it down at once, saying he would not have put it up in any room in his house if he had known what it was. "For," said he, "I was ever against Popery and worship by pictures or images, and would not have countenanced such a thing in any way, and every one knows that the Scriptures themselves are against such pictures."

And Dr. Bowden rolled it up and took it away with him; and though Sandy called after him that the whisky was filled out and waiting for him he took no heed, but went off, and from that day never entered the bar or tasted a drop anywhere. The Crocan Farm people said he had hung up the picture in his parlor, and that for days and nights they had heard him walking up and down over the floor in great trouble and distress. It was evident that some change had come over him.

Whatever it was, Colin Stewart, the only one in the place who might be called a friend of Dr. Bowden, knew little of it. Since the time he had been to Port Erran to see the factor the grandmother had been ill, and he was worn out with watching by her.

He had plenty of help. Women came and offered their services, and did everything that was to be done about the house with a kindness that warmed his heart to them. But the grandmother, who was hardly in her right senses, showed great aversion to them, and could not be calmed or soothed except when he was in the room. It seemed that the last sickness was upon the old woman, though the end was long in coming.

In April Mr. Rory made arrangements for keeping the "Sacrament," and to his surprise, and the amazement and almost the horror of the whole place, Dr. Bowden asked to be allowed to join with those who commemorated the great event of the Christian faith. He told Mr. Rory that he had been confirmed in his boyhood in the Church of England, of which he had been a member, and that afterwards he had sold his birthright, like Esau, for a mess of pottage, and had been, as every one knew, in the far country for close upon forty years, but that now, in a most extraordinary way, he had "come to himself" at last, and he believed it was owing to the prayers of a true saint, though whether she was alive or dead he did not know, and that truly repenting of the miserable past, he was minded to return to the Father's house, and wished to spend what years were left to him in humble service to God and to his fellow-men.

Mr. Rory was in unusual perplexity over this. He did not doubt Dr. Bowden's simplicity and sincerity in what he said, yet the Englishman's upbringing and way of thinking of sacred things was so different from his own, which was sternly Calvinistic, that it was difficult for the two to understand each other; and the doctor being a man of moods, as has been said, the minister feared lest his repentance might be no more than a temporary one. He consulted his elders in the session, according to the custom of the Church, and they all, with the single exception of William, were no less than horror-struck at the idea of a man who was singing drunken songs along the roads not six months ago seeking admittance to the inner fold of the Church. With his music and fiddling and his English ways they could believe no good thing of Dr. Bowden.

There had been a sect in Boronach for many generations which had separated itself from the worship and ordinances of the visible Church, not so much because those who composed it considered themselves independent of such outward forms, as because they believed few among the ministers or the laity to be worthy of observing them. The ideas of this sect had great influence, not only in Boronach, but far beyond it, and caused the sacraments of the Church to be regarded with an awe that became at last to be almost superstitious. Few, indeed, were considered worthy to partake of them, and Dr. Bowden was judged little less than sacrilegious in the request he had made. Not that Mr. Rory held this view, or William, or many others that might be named. Yet it was there deep-rooted in the place, and had to be reckoned with. Mr. Rory came to a compromise with his doubts and with the session: Dr. Bowden should not be admitted to the membership of the Church for a year, during which time it might be seen whether he had changed his ways in reality.

This decision came to Dr. Bowden as a blow. To his way of thinking it seemed as if a sentence of excommunication had been passed upon him, and the new demeanor of the people of Boronach, especially of the more ignorant and godless, gave color to the idea. Hitherto he had been a favorite with the lawless of the place, for he spent his money freely among them while it lasted, but now these shrank from the

old man, counting him as worse than themselves; the sternly "good people" gave him the cold shoulder, and those who would gladly have shown him goodwill were repelled by their slight knowledge of him, his own proud reserve, and the fact that he belonged originally to a different world from their own.

In the early part of May he called one evening at Carndhu to inquire how things were there. It was cold raw weather, more like March than May, but the young spring green was on the birch-trees by the loch, and the sky reflected in the water was bright sapphire blue, with small white clouds over it here and there. Colin came out to the door, looking weary and harassed. The grandmother was very low, so uneasy and excitable that he could not be gone from her long.

"I am going to leave Boronach," said Dr. Bowden when he had made his inquiries. He spoke abruptly and moodily, and Colin showed surprise, for he never remembered a time when the gentleman had been out of Boronach. "You are the only friend I have in the place, and I came to tell you. I cannot stand it any longer. I have become, as you know, a sort of phenomenon in the parish, and the very children stand staring at me as I go past."

He pulled nervously at his long moustache. Colin, looking at him, realized for the first time that he was an old man. He could not but notice, too, the change the last few months had made in his face,—it wore a different expression, the eyes were less restless; in some indefinable way it was a better face. He laid his hand suddenly on the lad's arm.

"Colin," he said, "you will not think it a compliment, but there have been times when you have reminded me of what I was myself at your age. Well, you haven't got much good from me these last three years, I daresay, and it would not become me to preach, but I will give you a warning in case you might chance to need it." He stopped, hesitating. "People think," he went on hurriedly, "that when the prodigal repented and went home, and his Father forgave him, it was all right, and he was as good a man as the elder brother,—but that's a mistake: though he got a welcome, he couldn't get back the years he spent eating husks, and I tell you I would give a thousand years of heaven if I might have mine over again."

He spoke with deep feeling, and Colin was touched beyond words to hear such speech from Dr. Bowden. He asked where he intended to go, but the other had not come to a decision about that. "When a man has been a lifetime in a prison," he said heavily, "he has no great taste for going anywhere. There is not much for him to go back to. Heaven forgive me," he added, with a touch of bitterness. "The people here are too good for me. I should like to go for a change to where there are a few repentant sinners."

Colin walked with him almost to the door of Crocan Farm, and coming back over the hills the wind cut him like a knife. High on the bens where the snow lingered it might have been winter still. He was tired and depressed. Life seemed a grave thing: he was full of the thought of Dr. Bowden—the broken gentleman drinking and singing on the roads, laughing, and playing the *joie de vivre* like one inspired, smoking cigars and quoting poetry, and now, a man on whom God had laid His hand, one who was almost broken-hearted for the years he had misspent. The lad felt old himself among the shadows that were about him. The year had been a trying one; it had left its mark upon him, and now the long sickness of the grandmother was telling on

him still more. A vision of Barabel came for an instant before his eyes—gay, laughing, spirited,—and he smiled involuntarily; but the next instant, to show that he was not himself, a lump came in his throat, and the tears filled his eyes as if he had been a girl.

Only a few days afterwards a hurried message called him to Crocan Farm. Dr. Bowden was ill, had been "like death" for two days—the doctor said it was "inflammation," and there was no chance for him: he wanted to see Colin Stewart, and had also expressed a desire to see Mr. Rory. Colin was shocked and grieved; it seemed incredible that he had not heard sooner. He found Dr. Bowden as ill as the messenger had said,—his face aged and sunken, his breath coming laboriously. He was propped up with pillows.

"Open the window," he whispered. "They won't open it."

Colin obeyed. "I did not know," he said, "or I would have been here."

Dr. Bowden smiled queerly. His breathing grew easier. "There is no people like them," he said faintly. "I think half the parish—has been here. The room was full—yesterday. I couldn't turn them out—— They would do anything for me."

He smiled again, apparently contemplating the character of the place. "I want you," he went on after a little, "to do me a favor. Take the keys from my coat there, and open—the drawer of the writing-table. There is a packet——"

Colin did as he was asked, and took out a sealed packet of papers from the drawer. "Miss Marianne West" was written on the cover, but there was no address. "I meant to add a letter," said Dr. Bowden, "but I can't hold a pen. Give them to her yourself, if she is living. I—think she is living."

Colin asked for the address. His voice was unsteady, for he was greatly distressed to see his friend as he was; and as he asked the door opened, and Mr. Rory came into the room.

"I am deeply grieved to find you so ill," he said, coming close to the bed and looking down gravely on the sick man. Dr. Bowden seemed to make a great effort. He held out his hand.

"Mr. Rory," he said, "I am going beyond your jurisdiction." And the two looked straight into each other's eyes—the dying man and the stern old Calvinist.

"I have to guard my Master's table," said Mr. Rory, not ungently.

"From sinners who desire to meet with Him?"

Colin saw the big man wince, and he left the room and shut the door, and stood outside the house till the minister went away.

When he returned to the room his friend was too exhausted for speech, and Colin was obliged to leave him without further directions as to the packet. What passed in the interview with Mr. Rory he never knew. That it affected the minister deeply there is no doubt, for it was remarked that whereas before this he was strict in fencing the table of the sacrament from unworthy communicants, he was afterwards much gentler on such occasions, and was never known to refuse a token to any who professed faith in Christ.

Colin did not see his friend again: he died that night, and the grandmother the next morning. The lad put away the packet he had received, not a little perplexed as to what he should do about it.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND TOUR AFTER BLENHEIM.

Of the way in which Englishmen could and did swagger about Europe for twenty years after the battle of Waterloo we have ample evidence in the not untruthful pages of early Victorian romance. Lever's Colonel Haggerstone follows closely in the footsteps of Rawdon Crawley, and somewhere in a forgotten early number of "Household Words" there is a terrible picture of the British Philistine in an Italian theatre flaunting his flannel shirt and his check tweeds in the midst of the neat-coated Neapolitan nobility. That manner has passed, save in the lurid imagination of foreign playwrights. The Englishman in an Italian theatre dresses better and certainly behaves better than the natives, and the man who nowadays on the Continent looks at you with "curse you, who are you?" written on every feature is no longer a Briton: he is a Prussian official. But there was a time when English prestige, though not so blatantly represented, was as great all over Europe as after Waterloo—and that was after Blenheim.

We must remember of that time that never till then since Agincourt had English arms won a decisive victory on the continent of Europe; that the French army was as arrogant of its final superiority as the German is now; and that in 1705 twenty thousand of those matchless troops lay, in part yet but half buried, on the slopes of Blenheim, a spectacle for the world, and we can partly understand what the awe of England was: the strains of "Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre" yet survive to prove the dread which the consummate general and his surprising army had inspired.

So it came to pass that Queen Anne's Secretary of State, commoner though he was, could make his two sons respected, and even fêted and entertained, in every small Court—and not a few of the great ones—of Europe. The record of their travels lies before us in some seventy letters written during their four years' Grand Tour by their travelling tutor. The tour itself was an ordinary one enough, through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy—of course omitting hostile France. But the interest of the journey lies in the circumstances of the time, and also in the character of the bear-leader, who is already known to readers of "Maga" as the ingenuous Huguenot who piloted his pupils through the Grand Tour of England and left his records in a Gloucestershire Justice-room.[1]

His name was Patron. On his English journeys he had not found its brevity prejudicial. On the contrary, it had a certain masterful appearance to English eyes; but when he came to mix with refugee marquises and vicomtes in Switzerland he besought his employer to call him "De Blainville," "after the name of an estate which I once possessed"; and "Patron de Blainville," or preferably "De Blainville," he henceforward was. So Smyth becomes Ponsonby-Trevelyan, after the name of two grandmothers whom he once possessed. But as De Blainville the good man made some name in literature, for while he was writing these delightful letters he was working all the time industriously at his book of "Travels." The "Travels" had a curious history. Written in French, they were never published during the author's lifetime, but thirty years after his death they fell into

[1] "In a Gloucestershire Justice-Room," "Blackwood's Magazine," February, 1907.

the clutches of Grub Street, which translated them "by several hands." The chief "hand" was John Lockman, who had "learned French by frequenting Slaughter's Coffee-house," and who approves his efficiency by translating "Le Festin de Pierre" (the name of the current French version of "Don Juan") as "The Feast of Peter." "La dernière chemise d'Amour" for "Love's Last Shift" can scarcely excel this. But, in spite of such ineptitudes, the work, in three thick quarto volumes, ran through two editions, with an interval of ten years between. The reason seems to be that it teems with scandalous anecdote, to the detriment of all Papists and of the proud prelatical princes of the High Germany, such as might furnish a perfect promptuarium of slander to the Whig pulpiteers and pamphleteers of the time of George II.

But these letters show M. Patron in a better and more dignified light. He is after all a gentleman—though a poor one,—a little high-flown in language perhaps, but still quite capable of defending himself when necessary against the niggardly cavillings of his employer, and what is more, of reducing him to silence.

The letters date from January 1705 to December 1708, and to them is attached a priceless collection of bills for clothing and expenses, all the way from Marie Richard of Rotterdam round to Carl Hainckelin of Berlin four years after, with every item specified. The only thing we lack is an exact account of travelling expenses. In one instance only, presently to be noted, do we find these specified, and there they seem remarkably small. The travellers did not, as they would have done a hundred years later, take their own carriage and travel in it, hiring horses; they preferred to take the ordinary "post." There were regular stages already marked out, all over Germany at least, with post-houses where it was possible to hire horses and chaises: there were even diligences, or something like them, running in many parts, and only poor war-swept Bavaria was regarded as unsafe for travellers. Yet a great European war was raging in three countries of the Continent.

But to return to our travellers. They first report their crossing to Rotterdam, and from a later letter we find that they had with them an Italian Count, whom a brisk wind sent upon his knees to call upon every saint in his calendar —for which, meeting them in Rome long after, he was mightily ashamed of himself. But at Rotterdam they first embark upon the endless expenditure on "mousseline" and "batiste" (for ruffles and manchettes), which cost their poor father so much before they returned. Mousseline is 40 sous the ell; batiste is 18 francs; and between the two Marie Richard adds them up in a few items a bill for 105 livres ("livres tournois"—practically francs, say £10 of present value). So caparisoned, they presented themselves at The Hague, where they were received with high consideration by Stanhope the envoy and D'Ayrolles, still distinguishable, by the apostrophe, from his son, the central figure in Chesterfield's death-bed scene ("Give Dayrolles a chair," he said, and died).

The letters fail for a while at this point, but the Journal fills up the gap occupied by a journey from The Hague by Amsterdam and Amersfoort and Düsseldorf to Cologne. And here we find one of the few notices of the manner of travelling.

We set out from Amsterdam at the opening of the gates, in our post-chariot, as they call it. These machines are very high mounted, mounted one may say, upon stilts: besides, they are adorn'd without with certain moving pieces of iron which make a terrible rattling. In other respects they are convenient enough if they were hung

with springs, and were not a ladder necessary to get up into them, of which one is fastened to each door.

Yet in this old rattle-trap they covered the twenty-five miles to Amersfoort before midday, and came without adventure to Düsseldorf (we hear nothing of frontiers or customs), and there they found the Court of that very new-fledged potentate the Elector of Pfalz-Neuburg, the successor of those mighty Protestant champions, the Palatines of the Rhine. They raged to see the state he kept, and fumed when they were but admitted to see this princeling dine, and him a Papist, too! To avoid such sights De Blainville hurried them on to Cologne, where they found compensations. They were royally entreated by the Dutch envoy, and entertained to dinner and a deal of loose talk by the Bishop of Raab, a prince of the House of Saxony, who had, he told them, once been a Lutheran, but like other princes of the time had found that Confession unprofitable. And here we find the first evidence of what must have been the really wonderful musical talent of the younger of De Blainville's pupils. We may put down much to politeness and much to flattery of the all-conquering English, but surely the lad of eighteen who was asked by the great Corelli himself to play with him in a quartette—it was at Rome some two years after this—must have been no mean musician. Yet the hospitable treatment which he received from Popish bishops and Jesuit fathers at Cologne could not quench the Huguenot's fanatic zeal. For pages of his Journal he descants upon the folly of the legend of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, mingling arguments with jests not always very seemly, and ending up with the astounding statement that in all England, in his belief, it would be impossible to produce the required number for such a pilgrimage, "unless at an age for which there needs no cautionry." In his letters he is more careful; the Secretary is a moderate man (as one must needs be who would serve successively and successfully under a Charles, a James, a William, and an Anne), and after all mass might again be sung in St. James's. So the tutor contents himself with girds at the Lutherans, whom he hates to the full as much as the Papists, and who are, he says, quite as filled with persecuting rage. Why, at Frankfort the Calvinists are so harried that they have to go outside the city to worship: the Lutheran services, which are ridiculed at every opportunity, have in them "as many kyrie eleisons as in the liturgy you know where," and a Lutheran baptism is described in terms which are nothing less than ribald. No wonder Bossuet could find material for his treatise on the Dissensions of the Reformed.

They went up the Rhine to Mainz, and remained as insensible to the beauties of that river—not yet bordered with breweries—as was ever an ancient Roman: only flat Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein detained them awhile (De Blainville had ever a pretty taste in fortification: long after, his main complaint of Loretto was that it was ill-fortified), but all the Rhine towns were poor tumbledown places. Their first real goal was comfortable Frankfort. Frankfort was kind to the English travellers and to their letters of credit; and here they found "Young D'Avenant," a gay young English blood, who was leading so reckless a life that the bearleader carefully kept his cubs from his society, but was glad to borrow his books for them, and himself to accept his kindness. So far their journey, lasting three months and a half, had cost 140 pistoles, which, reckoning the pistole at 8s. 4d., is by no means extravagant. But precisely at this point the Secretary of State is seized with

qualms of economy: he wants an account of every denier expended, and poor De Blainville has to explain that he is already exterminating himself with his letters and his Journal; yet for this once he will draw up such an account. So far the tutor is very piteous: he has not yet turned to bay,—he humbly thanks the Secretary for drinking the three travellers' health at table—surely the cheapest form of benevolence,—and assures him that though they read every book they can lay their hands on, they never are so extravagant as to buy one, they always borrow. Tauchnitz must have starved in such days. Yet economically as they have lived, he boasts that they have received the highest consideration at every Court. Bishop Burnet had said he found it difficult to gain admission to palaces. A fig for Burnet! He, Patron de Blainville, *lui chétif*, had forced the *entrée* of every Court so far. And this appears to be strictly correct: the Courts, 'tis true, were no great ones; but the ecclesiastical princes of the Rhine had been especially courteous—their chamberlains even obsequious—to the Englishmen. Only De Blainville forgets that Marlbrook as a tutelary genius was lacking to poor Burnet, who was a score of years too early.

Once only were they treated with discourtesy. Starting from Frankfort with a coach and six they came to Aschaffenburg, where they hoped to be received by Prince Louis of Baden, who, however, sent them word that he was busy, and expected to be so for some days to come. In high dudgeon they posted on, De Blainville freeing his mind by scoffs at the famous paintings of Aschaffenburg. "This," says he, meaning Rembrandt's alleged Ecce Homo, "put me in mind of a droll fancy of an Italian painter to humor the Duke of Urbino in a painting of the sacrifice of Isaac, wherein the painter had roosted poor Isaac at the top of a tree, the Father of the Faithful at a long distance takes aim at him with a long fowling-piece. But how prevent his killing him? The Painter had taken care of that. An angel descends from heaven, and"—well, spoils the powder as Gulliver spoiled the conflagration at Lilliput,—"and so the Gun misgives: Abraham primes again, but kills instead of his son a large owl, which had perched upon the tree." For this amazing piece of art history no authority is quoted. De Blainville did certainly see some curious examples of realistic painting in Italy, but he does not mention them in his polite letters: he reserves them for his Journal, which is plentifully salted with such stories, and with wild legends of the lewdness of Popish ecclesiastics, and the follies of miracle-mongers. It would be interesting to know if we have here the first English version of the story of St. Vincent de Ferrier seeing a mason fall from a roof, and commanding him to stop in mid-air till he could run home to his convent and get leave to perform a miracle; which being conceded he let that mason down gently, "permissu superiorum."

Nor does the tutor do more in these letters than hint at an orgie at Würzburg. There they naturally visited that most picturesque of fortresses, the Marienberg, and were welcomed by the commandant, who told them such a string of lies about the capture of the stronghold by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, "when all the garrison were drunk," that it is difficult to believe that he had not himself been birling at the wine already. The fortifications he cared not to show them; the cellars were his show-place, and after having somewhat bemused them with tasting of the wine of different casks of vast size, he announced to them that a collation was prepared. The collation proved to consist of a halfpenny worth of peppery *hors*

d'œuvres of a thirsty nature, and an intolerable deal of sack, which made the sober Frenchman and his boys very ill. A day or two after, visiting the Bishop's palace, they were tempted in like manner by the governor there, but De Blainville put him off with the somewhat mysterious formula "Nescio vos"; at which not unnaturally "il parut un peu maisatisfait." The bishop they could not see, and so did not tarry long, but went their way to Bamberg. On the way they were extricated from an awkward position by their coachman, who represented to the peasants that they were officials of the Bishop of Würzburg, upon which the "poor hoydens," as the tutor (or Grub Street) gracefully calls them, put shoulder to wheel and hoisted the carriage out of the ditch,—De Blainville taking occasion thence to descant upon the miserable slavery of these serfs of the crozier. For ecclesiasticism in general he showed his contempt at Bamberg, where he and his were most hospitably received by the bishop's brother, a scion of the great house of Schönborn, who, notwithstanding that "il eut une médecine dans le corps." talked Anglophilia to them for an hour and invited them to dinner. The next day De Blainville, being shown a *soi-disant* altar of gold in the treasury of the cathedral, took out a penknife and drove it deep into the precious relic, thus elegantly demonstrating that it was but gilded wood, and soft wood at that. Such deeds have always added to the Briton's popularity, as well after Blenheim as after Waterloo.

Hardly less ingratiating was his conduct at Nuremberg, which he found an interesting place enough (though badly fortified), were it not for the "Spanish pride" of its inhabitants. He was refused permission to see the arsenal, and avenges himself by the remark that he believes the 300 pieces of cannon alleged to be there have all been sold by the senators. But he and his pupils—who we will hope only followed his lead—here devised a form of amusement worthy of 'Arry himself. They lay in wait for city councillors, and when they could catch two, tall-hatted and beruffed, in a carrosse together, the courteous Englishmen would lean out of their carriage window and bow. Then, Lord! what sport it was to see the two heads thrust out of one window to return the salutation, and the two great ruffs jostling together. But the trail of the serpent is over even such flowers of merriment as this. Relations with the burghers became strained; in fact, De Blainville discovered that his room had been found preferable to his company. He retaliates by very risky stories of the matrons of Nuremberg, and by a virtuously indignant account of a terrible drinking scene which he was admitted to behold when the burghers entertained their chief customers the merchants of St. Gall in Switzerland. He grudges them even their poor cakes and ale. The churches are "musty pieces of antiquity"; their walls and towers he understands not, but it rejoices him to think that they are terribly afraid of the King of Prussia!

At Nuremberg they received the news of the death of poor persecuted Emperor Leopold. One might have thought the Huguenot would have had a good word for King Lewis's enemy. But no! religious venom carries it. He was but "a little Baboon"; "may his soul rest in peace, for he was a hearty Loyolist and a violent persecutor of heretics." His successor, Joseph, it is interesting to learn, was said to have suppressed 20,000 sinecures about the Court of Vienna at his accession!

At Augsburg, still a city of bankers and canons, they were received with distinguished respect, much enhanced when my lord of Shrewsbury arrived and showed himself most gracious to

the lads. The bankers were charmed to honor the Secretary's drafts, and the canons were enchanted by the younger brother's skill in music. For four hours or more he delighted his audience by his performance on the harpsichord, and when he played the organ in the cathedral the dignitaries, who had been listening *en cachette*, came forth to surround him with congratulations. One wonders what became of this musical talent when the young performer sank a few years later into the position of a cornet of horse. It procured him an invitation to the house of the canonesses of St. Stephen —a piece of civility which the tutor repaid by unspeakable insinuations as to the poor ladies' manners and morals.

Avoiding Swabia, as still exposed to French invasion, our travellers took their way by Lindau (a "dismal hole") and the lake to Constance—a "poor place," but affording opportunity for much second-hand history for the "Travels." The Falls of the Rhine they found passably good, and so we come, with much antiquarian padding and small-talk, to Geneva, where "Messrs vos fils" are to study for a year or more—this being for the time the centre of culture next best to irreconcilable France. Here, too, they had the advantage of the Secretary's commendation to some amiable refugees—the Marquis d'Arzilliers and his family.

Now for the first time we have the young gentlemen's tailors' and haberdashers' bills—and the last are portentous for the time. There is no more mousseline and batiste! but there are gloves by the dozen and hairpowder by the hundredweight. Of the first, Suzanne Dacier sold them, between July and December 1705, forty-three pair, and for these and for powder and for the reparation of an infinite number of shirts (mark the Briton!) they paid her just upon 400 livres, or something like £80 of present value, for mere millinery. It is the same when we come to the clothes; it is all the trimmings; silk is cheap and coats and breeches of that stuff cost very little; but there are nine dozen buttons for the coats and twelve dozen for the waistcoats (they must have looked like Mr. Chevalier's costers), sixteen ells of silver cord and two ells of gold lace. The climax comes with the waistcoats. De Blainville has to tell his patrons with many deprecatory words that cloth-of-gold à fleurs is your only wear for gentlemen, and cloth-of-gold cost 100 livres the ell and cloth-of-silver 72. In such trappings, meet for pantomime princes, did sober English lads disport themselves in the streets of Geneva. But it was the mode, and in this array they moved in the highest circles of the Huguenot exiles—exiles who, if they could afford such fashions, could hardly be said to have given up all for conscience' sake.

But there were wild young bloods from England at Geneva also: "Guillaume Windham," "Richard Grosveneur," a Harcourt, a son of the Solicitor-General, and an "esprit dangereux," one Tomson. It is uncertain if the tutor means Windham or Harcourt when he prays for the speedy departure of one of them; but there is no mistake as to what he says of the dreaded arrival of "a son of my lord Blessington," who anticipated the Countess of that name in being "un terrible éveillé." Of none of them would De Blainville let his pupils see more than the merest civility demanded. One could hardly have supposed Geneva a place, like Peebles, for "sheer fun and deevilment," but where there's a will there's a way.

Indeed the poor lads had but little time for much "fun and deevilment." The musical talents of the younger made him a welcome guest everywhere; but when a certain Marquis du Quesne

and his wife proposed to establish a weekly musical evening at the Englishman's lodgings, "chez les dames Turrettin," and the tutor suggested this to the Secretary, that economical parent refused in most peremptory terms to encourage such extravagance. In any case, the boys had enough to do without concerts: riding lessons, fencing lessons, dancing lessons; a master for Italian; a master for mathematics, another for logic; and even a professor of meat-carving and of deportment at table. When to all this the stern parent added the duty of supervising and checking all the tutor's minutest expenditure, we are not surprised to find that the elder lad began to be troubled with "spasmodic movements of the head." Meanwhile De Blainville passes his life in a perpetual state of apology for the huge expenses he has to incur. He grieves to say that a letter to England costs a whole crown, though it takes thirty-six days to get there. He must give a few *étrennes* to the ladies, a few *pourboires* to the lackeys, at the New Year, 1706. He was obliged to give a dinner for fourteen on the "Fête de l'Escalade," but the faithful Marquis d'Arzilliers had regulated the expenditure. In all he confesses to have spent, roughly, £500 during the twelve months of pilgrimage from Court to Court, which does not seem excessive.

But the Roman father was not satisfied. He demanded a letter every week: he even cried "odi ignavos" over the poor lads who were addling their brains with a dozen different studies, to which writing and algebra, each with a separate master, were now to be added; a drawing-master was fortunately not to be had, the only one available having been starved out by the Genevese because he was a Frenchman. But the Secretary went further: he insinuated overcharges on the part of the tutor—and the worm turned. The Frenchman might be a foul-mouthed fanatic, but he was also a gentleman of sorts—a curious mixture of characteristics still to be found on the banks of the Seine. "I should be in despair, Monsieur," says he, "if six sous of your property ever entered wrongfully into that poor purse which Providence has spared me out of the not inconsiderable substance I once possessed." He has actually consulted with his pupils on every point of expenditure; he has never paid a bill except in their presence—even their teachers'. Of this last fact he remarks that "no other governor has ever done the like"—a pretty plain indication that palm-oil was not unknown after Blenheim. It is rather disconcerting, after these brave words, to find him complaining that he is the only tutor in Geneva who has not received a New Year's gift from his patron. He has now taught the young gentlemen to dress themselves without a valet; and surely that service at least demands recognition.

Condemned to write one letter a week, news or no news, the unfortunate bear-leader becomes deadly dull. He fills up his "travaux forcés" with observations on the swiftness of the Rhone, and he only becomes interesting again when he talks of routes into Italy. International comity was not entirely suspended by the war, for young "Grosveneur" had been able to go direct over the "St Plomb" Pass with the help of a passport from the French Court, where he had some ambiguous relatives. But even so the roads are dangerous: marauders called "blue hussars" infest the passes; the Bishop of Basle is at war with Berne; the Emperor, to gain some private ends, has laid an embargo on all Genevese goods in his dominions; only "la Connétable Colonna," Mazarin's niece, is closeted with the Duke of Savoy, and these two potentates are bound

sooner or later to work out the salvation and peace of Europe. The only break in the dreary round of enforced study and evening assemblies was afforded by the "Feast of the Escalade"—the commemoration of the last attempt by Savoy on the liberties of Geneva, so notably described in Mr. Stanley Weyman's romance—and Easter. At the latter the two pupils were to make their first Communion, and we have a curious glimpse of the High Church feeling of Queen Anne's time when the tutor complains that only my lords of Shrewsbury and Bridgewater (both Whigs) would attend the Genevan service. Grosvenors and Windhams, nay, even Tomsons, stood aloof,—and this was not the only sin to be laid to their charge: excepting always Mr. Forester, the "governor" of young Grosvenor, they leave Geneva without a word of *congé* to the hosts by whom they have been so hospitably entertained. But De Blainville will behave better; and so for his sins he did, as we shall see.

The departure to Italy was deferred for months. No passport could be had from the King of France, whose armies were strolling in Lombardy and besieging little towns in a very half-hearted fashion. One was obtainable from Queen Anne, but that was of use only in the dominions of her ally the Emperor, and so to get to Italy they determined on the monstrous circuit back to Augsburg, and so by Innsbruck and the Tirol to the Brenner Pass, and thence to Venice. Even that was no safe way. Bavaria was haunted by "hussars" and ruined peasants. Munich was in a state of anarchy. The Elector has removed all his valuables from the palace, and the police were paralyzed. Still it was the best way to Italy.

But even the last few months of their stay in Geneva were embittered by the stern father's demands. They must learn German, said the Secretary, and the tutor answers with ill-concealed delight that there is no German teacher to be had. The Genevese speak only "French and Savoyard," and such as trade in Germany learn only the smattering necessary for their business. So there an end. But when he asks for two suits of livery for the "staffieri" whom they will have to hire in big Italian cities, the Secretary puts his foot down. One livery is enough. And when we find that travelling coats for the two youths cost 419 livres at Geneva, we are inclined to agree with his economy. But all this was nothing to the terrible catastrophe which followed. True to his word, De Blainville prepared to make his exit from Geneva with *éclat*. He had long been hinting at presents for the ladies, and now, without waiting for orders, he purchased a "chocolatière" and a small number of forks, knives, and spoons—sufficient, however, by his own confession to cost some £30—to present to Madame d'Arzilliers and other hostesses to whom his pupils were really much indebted. Yet for some reason the ladies would have none of them: they suggested that De Blainville would find them useful in the miserable inns of Italy. But the Secretary was furious. "What! excite the cupidity of every knavish innkeeper and every light-fingered guest by the useless display of such wealth!" In vain the poor tutor protests that never throughout his travels had he let any one see him produce a gold coin; that he had only consulted his watch by stealth. It would appear that he finally had to sell the plate back for its weight-value, and to make up the deficit out of his own pocket.

But once more their departure was delayed by the serious illness of the elder lad, who fell sick of a fever, which was cured, not by bleeding for once, but by "quinia" or "quin-quina,"

and his convalescence was amused by the enchanting pastime of tracing out the boundaries of Geneva, Savoy, and France. He knew more about the shores of Lake Leman than the ignorant pretender who had drawn a map of it. But he was a shy, nervous lad, very different to his brother, who was so exceedingly full of self-respect that De Blainville and d'Arzilliers made it part of the business of their lives to "mortify" him—a process which even nowadays might be applied to many musical prodigies with good hope of success. At all events, it succeeded there, for on leaving Geneva the youthful genius is reported as "tout à fait dégagé de sa personne, et pas si replet que j'avois craint."

At last they departed, in the very depth of winter, and travelled all round by Solothurn, Basel, and Schaffhausen to Augsburg, where the poor governor found his "head-washing" awaiting him in a pile of letters, all about that unlucky "chocolatière." He answers with some spirit. "You speak, sir," says he, "of a coffee-pot and half a dozen spoons as if they were a mule's burden of plate; you talk of coffee and chocolate as if they were novelties for young travellers. Let me tell you that 'Messrs vos fils' have been long accustomed to them, and that there is nothing like chocolate to infuse warmth in cold and damp weather"; and after appealing in general to the golden opinions which he has won in all the Courts they have visited, he ends with dignity.—

I am not ignorant that my thankless profession exposes the men of culture and good birth who have to follow it to a multitude of annoyances, and especially that they are held responsible for many things which they are compelled to do by unforeseen contingencies. But that this is the badge of our profession does not console us for the pain it causes, especially when we consider that the most experienced man of the world can never content his employers, and that we expose our lives to all the dangers of travel, or ruin our health by fatigues and anxiety for a morsel of bread, and that a small one, knowing that even that will perhaps fail us when we cease to be able to scour the world.

These be brave words, though a quotation from Virgil with which they end somehow gives an air of unreality to them. But, indeed, nothing could illustrate their truth better than the Secretary's own conduct: he even held the tutor responsible for the loss of a letter which he acknowledges was captured by the French in a packet-boat. In short, he is what a De Blainville of to-day would describe as "impayable."

Yet he endorsed the tutor's next letter "omnia bene": but this was plainly on account of a mighty hard bargain which the latter had driven with some Italian vetturini, who were to convey him, his two pupils, and their faithful Swiss valet Sambos over the Brenner by Innsbruck, Trent, Verona, and Padua, to Venice in two chaises. They were to be fed and lodged on the road, and all for fourteen ducats a-head—say about £6, 10s. for some twenty days of travelling.

De Blainville was incorrigible about presents: he must bestow on their banker at Augsburg a dressing-gown "of four pistoles," but as it was a secondhand one, and was, moreover, his own, his patron did not grumble at that. He was equally incorrigible about his smoking-room stories; and from Augsburg comes one of the few that are quotable. When the French evacuated that town, he says, they left no fewer than fifteen hundred citizens' daughters in a condition in which only ladies who love their lords desire to be. On being asked, for baptismal purposes, the name of the fathers of their children, they answered with one

accord "Weiss nicht": this was taken as a real name, and accordingly, says the tutor, some thousands of future Augsburgers will be known by the patronymic of "Dontknow." It would be interesting to know if there is a word of truth in this abominable story.

To Venice they came without mishap through the terrors of the Brenner Pass, which the tutor describes as well deserving its name of the Burning Mountain, the peaks around being veritable Sinais for thunder and lightning, and the pass itself a Valley of the Shadow of Death. But in Venice they found the carnival at its height; the Secretary had many friends among the patricians, and Mocenigos and Cornaros vied with each other in showing kindness to his sons. They had boxes at the opera at their disposal wellnigh every night, and the younger lad learned to bellow "cara! cara!" at a favorite songstress with the loudest of the young bucks of Venice, though the lurid behavior of these latter in their boxes fairly scandalized the good tutor. For the rest, they did the ordinary round of sight-seing—Murano and so forth—only plagued by the rain and wind of a Venetian February. One amusing adventure they had. They were no sooner installed in their inn than there entered a poet bearing in a silver dish a sonnet—a sonnet writ impromptu in honor of the English nobles *by name*. Amazed at such rapid performance, De Blainville looked somewhat closely at the MS., and found that the names—of course obtained from the landlord—had been simply filled in in blank spaces, the whole being a general form of flattery, to be completed for any signori Inglesi who might prove gullible. And when in addition the silver basin turned out to be tin, the ineffectual poet was dismissed with ignominy. But the very next day there appeared a grave man, leading by the hand a masked personage (as one ashamed to be barefaced) whom he introduced as an impoverished noble. Claiming to belong to that class himself, De Blainville was moved to contribute a crown—and was vexed thereafter to discover that the poet and the needy nobleman were one and the same person!

As at Geneva so at Venice, the serpent entered in in the shape of the stravaging English nobles: "gens à fracas, à bals, et à festins" the tutor calls them, and guards his charges carefully from intercourse with them, especially dreading "my lord Dorset" and a gay young Lumley of the Scarbrough family. Of the first he has to recant his first evil opinion, and would, indeed, fain have had more of his company: but they must hurry on to Rome, in order, as he ruefully puts it, to see "idolatry in all its glory" at Easter. The Secretary, sitting warm and comfortable in his armchair at home, suggested Milan and Genoa as the road to Rome: but Lombardy was still unsafe, Milan was actually besieged, and the tutor was right when he preferred the route by Ravenna and the Marches.

Passing through Padua, of which he tells extraordinary stories, representing it as tyrannized over by academic Mohawks, they came to Bologna. But between the two the most cruel of all his trials befel the afflicted tutor. He seems to have caught a genuine Italian fever. Three times was he brought out of the calash and laid upon cloaks by the roadside to die, and three times he rose up again. At Bologna he summoned his pupils to his bedside: he imparted to them his last counsels, and instructed them how to get to Rome,—when, *eccovi!* in a trice the man is well again, having had the sense not to call in an Italian doctor. Presently he was on the road afresh, and jotting down his observations. They are not very valuable: he does

certainly say something of Byzantine architecture at Ravenna; he does notice the Æmilian Way; but he is more taken up with scandalous old stories, as about Catherine of Sforza and her petticoats, and above all, with his craze for fortification. So even at Loretto, after a lively enough story of two Jesuits who had told him the history of the "Santa Casa" and its aërial travels, and a graphic description of the squalid approach to the sanctuary, he ends up with a scornful remark on the defective defences of the town. He would undertake, "with three frigates of fifty guns," to carry off the Virgin bodily from the midst of her worshippers!

Besides the "staffieri" whom they hired in every large town, we find them entertaining an "antiquary," a kind of superior guide, who fed with them and was plainly treated with some respect—a sort of cross between a courier and Messrs Lunn and Perowne's peripatetic lecturers; but antiquary or not, no one could persuade De Blainville of the superiority of Italian scenery. The Falls of Tivoli seriously disappointed him. "We permit the Italians," says he, "to call them meraviglious, stupendous, and such hyperbolic things. *But we who have seen Versailles think otherwise.*"

Huguenot and Anglicans as they were, the three were warmly welcomed at Rome, Cardinals Grimani and Ottoboni showing them quite singular civility. But this did not satisfy the Secretary—"Odi ignavos" was his motto; and now he wanted them to study architecture and painting. De Blainville somewhat evaded these requirements, but, on the other hand, he has grand accounts to give of music. No sooner were they in Rome than some English virtuosi approached them on the subject, and after a few performances Corelli himself invited the younger lad to play with him in a quartette. After which magnificent news comes the prosaic colophon: "Vous trouverez ici joint [sic] la dépense."

The "dépense" in question is, however, interesting. We have here the actual receipts, given month by month, of their landlord, whom we judge to be an Italianized Englishman; at all events he signs his name Charles Browne, and he spells August "agost." His charge for lodging for all four (including the valet) is but sixteen Roman crowns a-month—just £4,—which seems exceeding reasonable. But when it comes to horse-hire he recoups himself. No doubt they had a carriage and pair—no self-respecting Inglese could have less,—and perhaps fifteen pistoles is not excessive, the Roman pistole being worth fifteen and sixpence—for a month; but it was their principal expenditure, other things were absurdly cheap. Here, too, was an Englishman painting portraits in Italy—a curious reversal of the ordinary state of things,—and he painted the portraits of both the lads for the sum of fourteen *French* pistoles: a very different thing. The pictures passed through many vicissitudes by flood and field, but finally found their way to the Secretary (who was really devoted to his boys), and are yet in existence to prove the capabilities of the English exile, Edward Yonge.

Few Englishmen leave Rome without a visit to the catacombs; but De Blainville's pupils had the sense to refuse, and not without reason. Things seem to have been badly managed at the time: four German gentlemen had lately been lost, and had to tear up their shirts to serve for torches to light them out; and two others, though a whole army equipped with lamps and trumpets, like the host of Gideon, had been sent in search of them, had perished miserably. De Blainville adventured himself in (he tells different

stories in the letters and in the Journal), but his remarks are not very illuminating: he was more taken up, as a good Protestant, with the satires of Pasquin on the Pope, which seem, as he reports them, to have been monstrous poor stuff.

From Rome they made a most successful excursion to Naples, and it is characteristic of the feelings of the age that De Blainville, to whom the towers of Nürnberg and the pictures of Dürer appealed in vain, is content to waste weeks over the Barocco beauties of Neapolitan churches. But here they made a valuable acquaintance. While inspecting the chapel of St Januarius they were approached by an Italian duke. Englishmen of to-day who, visiting the chapel of St Januarius, are approached by an Italian duke are apt to say "non c'è niente" or "andate con Dio"; but De Blainville was sufficiently a man of the world to see that this duke was a duke—the Duke of Spezani; and we discover in his behavior (*pace* Mr. Marion Crawford) a wide difference between the Italian aristocracy of those days and these. On a very slight acquaintance he insisted on presenting the Englishman with a luncheon-basket, silver-fitted, "of his own invention," and with a telescope, 24 feet long when drawn out, and also of his own construction. Let no English travellers in future reject the advances of an Italian duke, even though, like this duke, he insists upon speaking Latin, and that "avec beaucoup de peine."

From Rome, after a short second stay, they retreated by way of Florence to Lombardy; and there they met with precisely the same experience as did Tennyson one hundred and fifty years later—rain, rain, rain—a perfect flood! At Milan, now no longer in a state of siege, they found English troops, Lieutenant-General Earl, Colonel Richards, Major Killigrew of the Queen's Own Dragoons—these sound strange names in Milanese society. But there they were, and were apparently adding greatly to the gaiety of nations. The Scala theatre had just been burned down, but there were performances, and dances, too, every night at the Grand Duke's palace. Turin presented a melancholy contrast: the King was in mourning, and the Court as dull as dull could be. Worst of all, the money went "furieusement vite": eight louis d'or a month for lodgings and four livres for a dinner. Above all, "il n'y a plus d'Académie." Yet here they were detained, for want of a passport, for full six weeks of melancholy and *ennui*. Even the singing at the opera disgusted them. The feeling which broke out so strongly in England when the "castrati" were reintroduced after the end of the Napoleonic wars was hot within them. Even at merry Venice they had had their qualms of conscience: in the gloom and rain of Turin they were sickened. Worst of all (for the tutor), some of the gay young dogs of Geneva had reappeared on the scene, and he was at his wits' end to guard his pupils against their wiles. On the other hand, they made the acquaintance of one Sir Thomas Samuel, a youth, as might be expected from his name, of a prudence beyond his years. At his suggestion they determined to do what they should have done before—viz., to buy a travelling carriage, and sell it again in Holland on the way home. This they afterwards did in Vienna.

Presently they were back in dear familiar Geneva. De Blainville no longer ventured on coffee-pots, but he made a modest purchase at Turin of six pounds of chocolate for D'Arzilliers, and a dozen pairs of silk stockings for the ladies, which by the way cost half a louis a pair. They stayed only five weeks with their old friends, but they managed in that time to use

up eighteen pairs of gloves and thirty pounds of hair-powder—for here is the bill. One wonders if "Suzanne Dacier" was a person of attractive appearance.

From this time onward the letters become disappointingly brief and jejune. They returned by Vienna, and stayed there, and were received at Court. But the letters only recall Béranger's "compte vendu d'un député"—"J'ai diné, j'ai diné," and that is all. Pages are filled with accounts of the new carriage, which certainly was a marvel of cheapness,—180 florins for a "berline" on new-fashioned springs, which contained pigeon-holes for everything, seems an absurd price. But of the Court at Vienna we hear not a word, though surely under the reforming zeal of Joseph I. there must have been much that was interesting to observe. There is no news, only "talk of an English victory in Flanders." The talk was true—it was Oudenarde.

Of Berlin in that year some contemporary gossip would be even more welcome but we are told nothing. Wartenberg gave them a dinner twice, and they visited the "Maisons de Plaisance du Roy and the celebrated fortress"— De Blainville is still on his hobby—"of Spandau." They also pay a Berlin tailor 131 thalers (or 196 "goulden") for two suits of clothes, with "boutonnières" of gold; and that is all we hear of Berlin. An excursion to Denmark which the Secretary had suggested fell through, and they hurried on to Hamburg, De Blainville anticipating the pleasure of providing his pupils with new cravats in cleanly Holland. He is pleased with everything: even finds the opera at Hamburg passable—"si la langue Allemande était un peu plus musicable!" But when his "little caravan," including always the "Chevalier Samwell," moved on to Amsterdam, he fell again upon chagrins and vexations; he had undertaken the thankless task of buying horses for his patron, and found it an awkward enterprise; he slaved with an ardor only possible to a married man at shopping for the Secretary's sister—his question as to whether her fine holland is to be cut "en chemises de femme ou en draps de lit" shows a fine acumen on the subject; he was "écorché d'importance" by the rascally landlord—an Englishman too—of the still existing Bible Hotel; and lastly, after wasting many days for the chance of a passage across with General Webbe, and when he believed he had secured a berth with my lord of Manchester in the yacht "Henriette," that noble Whig "nous donna l'eau bénite de cour dont les grands seigneurs sont [sic] accoutumé de se servir"—that is to say, told them to their face he would be pleased to have their company, and deputed his chaplain to inform them that he would see them further first.

Instead of falling foul of Manchester, his former colleague, as he might have done, the Secretary chose to lay the whole blame as usual on poor De Blainville. The latter answered with spirit; and so in mutual recrimination the correspondence closes. How they got back home after all we do not know, or what became of the poor tutor. The Journal to which he had looked to establish his fortunes was never published in his lifetime, and how it fell into the hands of the translators, who had "learned French by frequenting Slaughter's Coffee-house," remains doubtful. But he has certainly given us in his letters a wonderfully vivid picture of the life and trials of the gentleman "governor" of his times, and incidentally a few sidelights on the vast prestige which even the subordinate representatives of England commanded at a time when all the Continent was humming with excitement over the awakening, after a three hundred years' drowse, of the military genius and the soldierly capacities of the Anglo-Saxon.

Blackwood's Magazine. *A. T. S. Goodrick.*

THE CALAMITY OF THE POLDER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS — CHAPTER I.

Piet Leevan stepped out of the mill door, his Gouda pipe in his mouth, and glanced at the blue Zuyder Zee before him. A capital breeze had sprung out of the west; but near at hand the great shallow Zee was scarcely ruffled by it. Its blueness stretched to the horizon.

Piet had proposed to release the sails of the mill and let them grind maize, as behooved them on such an afternoon; but, turning to the sound of clogs on the stones between the door and the house, he changed his mind.

"You may put that down, Klaas," he said.

Klaas was the one man who helped him and his mill "Well-and-Good" to grind corn for the commune. He was no beauty. "Just an old dog that I can trust," his master had said of him in one of his many recent sour moments. As touching the "trust," Piet did not overestimate him. Klaas had been born in the year of the mill. Above the mill's mouse-colored thatch, on the roomy sky-blue pivot of its sails, the date 1845 showed in black letters. There was a white sun with golden rays beneath the date, and, let into the hinder woodwork, a panel inscribed "Wel en Goed," with 1845 underneath that also, and the name "Erasmus Hendrik Leevan."

It was Piet's grandfather, Erasmus Hendrik, who had built the mill and later taken Klaas into his service. Things had happened since then. Klaas had fought the Achinese in Batavia, and returned to his birthplace with a poisoned leg and no ears. The Achinese had captured him and begun to kill him in that horrible deductive way of theirs which might have kept him still alive, though limbless and without facial excrescence of any kind. They had started on his ears, but, happily for him, got no farther ere he was rescued. And he had been at the mill almost ever since—a warning to the ambitious who yearned to seek their fortune in foreign parts, and an encouragement to others to stay at home and mind their own business.

Klaas habitually wore a gray-green knitted turban to curtain most of the space formerly covered by his ears. "I will set it going first, *mynheer*," he said.

Piet simply took the pole from him. "It will stand as it is," he declared.

The old man looked down at his wooden shoes, and then wrinkled his brow at the mill, which was to him like a living creature which displayed proper animation only when it moved. "It is a pity," he said slowly. "Why should you show such temper about a woman? Going, *mynheer!*" But he couldn't go yet, for Piet had him by the arm.

"Tell me this," said Piet fiercely. "Am I master here, or are you?"

"There is One only that is Master, *mynheer*," said Klaas, "here and everywhere. We are all little worms of His."

Piet released him with a gesture of impatience. "To the devil with your cant!" he exclaimed. "Be off with you, and do not name her to me again, or you will be sorry." He shouted the last words, red in the face, but otherwise a fine figure of a young man.

Klaas slipped down "Well-and-Good's" gentle grass-slope. The mill and its outbuildings were perched on a hillock some fifteen feet higher than the land as far as the first dike, and that was a good third of a mile away north and south, and not much less towards the west. Between the mill and the curved dike it was rough plough-soil and this season even rougher grass, the whole

veined with miles of gleaming straight ditches nearly bank-high with water. It had been a wet winter and spring, and much of the land itself was still bog. Once a day, an hour after half-tide, the opening of the Ruyter Sluice relieved the acres of some of their water, but the supply seemed infinite, and the ditches latterly soon swelled up anew.

Throwing down the pole, Piet thrust his hands inside the bands of his trousers and went to the landward side of the mill. His cousin Betje was home again from Amsterdam. He stood and scowled at the immense red roof of the house which held her.

All the land in that segment of green dike was known as the Leevan Polder. His grandfather had begun the damming, draining, and cultivating; his father and Betje's had continued it; and now all the hundreds of acres belonged to Betje's father. Piet himself had care of the sluice on which so much depended. He possessed the mill and nothing else, barring a fishing-boat with two tawny sails in Cramby's little haven, an hour's walk to the south. It was one of the two gnawing discontents of his life that he had not very much more.

His father had disappointed him grievously. He had worked as hard and well as his father before him, yet there was nothing for Piet except the mill, with a bare living attached to it in these days. By all reckonings, there ought to have been tens of thousands of guilders for Piet somewhere. His father had sold his share of the polder to his brother (Betje's father) for sixty-five thousand guilders, and the amount had been paid gradually in hard cash. But at his death there was no trace of all this money, nor had he given Piet or his brother any intimation about it. The notary Visman, who had a certain insight into the old man's affairs, though not so much into his character, was as astonished as every one else, save Klaas. Only Klaas claimed to see an explanation of the wonder in the deceased's devotion to the Scriptures and scriptural teaching in his declining years. Klaas quoted the text about taking heed not to lay up treasure on earth where moth and rust do corrupt, and said those were his late master's sentiments to the last syllable. Furthermore, Klaas declared that Piet's father had once talked to him of the curse that much money was likely to be to a young man of his son's volatile disposition. Piet was almost a gay youth at that time, now three years ago. He had loved Betje very hopefully then, and himself also. He still loved Betje, but without any hope.

Thus things stood with him as he eyed the red roof which had the blessedness of sheltering his brown-eyed little cousin. It was a house shaped like a long pie, the crust domed rather high above a shallow dish. Just a strip of white for its narrow body; all the rest of it roof as red as blood. Piet stared and glared as if he meant at all cost to his eyes to distinguish the very toes of the stork in its nest on the roof. The bird was perched on one leg, apparently admiring its other uplifted foot.

But a braver mood now came to the lad. "I will go and see her," he declared, "whether I am wanted or not." He knew he was not wanted inside that well-ordered house with the significant name "Werk" on its gate. Certainly not by his aunt Mina, nor yet by her husband. As for Betje, he was not so sure.

Betje had loved him openly enough in the old days, when he was regarded by all the country-side as a youth with a rich future. Just as open compassion had succeeded when the search for her uncle Piet's missing guilders was finally abandoned. And then *mefrouw* her mother had abruptly taken her to

a college of music in Amsterdam, and she had spent most of her time in Amsterdam ever since. The talents of several kinds which she had there acquired were so much fuel to Piet's despair. Her fine ways, besides, which were, as Klaas had said, wasted on a rough polder. She still kept certain mysterious eye-twinklings for Piet when neither her mother nor her father was near; but Piet was no expert in the language of young ladies' eyes trained in Amsterdam. He attributed them to ungenerous pride about herself, and recently also to the prospect of her eventual union in matrimony (by no means, in Piet's opinion, holy matrimony) with a rich Utrecht sugar-refiner named Mops, whom *mefrouw* her mother loved to throw, as it were, defiantly into Piet's face whenever they could not help meeting and he was indiscreet enough to inquire about his cousin.

Having descended the mill's little hill on the west, Piet paused to drive the chickens from the boards over the old well. There were two wells attached to the mill—this, the abandoned one, which after a few years had refused to supply water, and a newer one between the mill and the Zee. Piet's father had intended to fill up the old well; but a long course of meetings in the village had absorbed the energies he might usefully have shared with his property, and he had died leaving the task unfulfilled. Piet saw no reason why he should trouble himself about such a trifle.

From the well he followed one of the long ditch strips direct to a sod-bridge, with the gate labelled "Werk" on its other side. He marched for his purpose like a soldier in a forlorn hope. Looking straight before him, with never a glance to the one hand or the other, he was determined to see Betje; just as determined not to be frightened off his design by any casual glimpse of her father or mother. And Fortune rewarded him for his valor.

At the bridge it was right turn, and from the gate he saw Betje herself. She was standing in something suspiciously like an attitude at the dairy-end of the farm, with a shining background of clean pans and pails set on their rims by the wall. Moreover, she was not dressed at all like a young lady of Amsterdam. Her skirts were drawn high, she wore wooden shoes, her plump arms were bare from the elbows, and it was as if she were biting a finger or thumb while she observed him. Also, unless the distance deceived him, she was smiling a welcome. But the moment their eyes met Betje gave up biting her finger or thumb and beckoned instead.

Piet's heart bounded in him at that fond recall of old times and ways. How often when they were both in their teens had Betje thus invited him to secret communion! They had had their dreams together as a result in all the few spots of privacy which life on a bare polder could yield—in the huge hayloft beneath the red roof of the farmhouse, on the other side of the dike, nestled among the cows in the stall, and even artfully screened by a rearrangement of the drying clothes on the line after a wash-day.

She pointed to the piggery, a new trim erection close under the dike. Thither Piet proceeded, with long strides and furtive glances now at the house windows. Only by a miracle could he have escaped notice already. But his aunt Mina and his uncle Erasmus would have to hurry like the chickens he had just scared if they meant to come between him and Betje before they could exchange words.

Betje received him with both hands extended and a smile that was seductingly like her smiles in the past. There was a difference, but even the difference was only a new charm in her.

"Good-morning," she said. "How pleasant of you to come at last! Oh Piet, but you—hurt me!"

"My hands are hard," said Piet stupidly, relaxing his grip.

"They always were. Papa and mamma are not yet back from Rampen. You are very lazy, I understand, of late, but may be aware it is the calf-market. They have gone for that."

This took Piet's breath away, though he ought to have been sufficiently posted in local matters to guess it." "You are alone, then?" he stammered, with hungering eyes.

"Yes; but there is Tante Louisa. She was to keep watch on me. She is ironing a lace collar. It must be almost finished. Piet, I want to tell you something."

Piet shivered all over. There was wild love in the shiver as well as something of consternation. He had never seen Betje's eyes more beautifully bright, and not since that feverish hunt for his father's will, which was to mean so much to him and her, had she smiled on him with such cousinly confidence. Nevertheless, he had his doubts now about all women, even including Betje. Klaas had hammered it into him, from the Bible and other good or merely wise books, that the weaker sex excels in guile. "What is it you have to tell me?" he asked heavily.

"Oh," said Betje, "I sha'n't tell you if you look like an undertaker. Klaas is right. You are greatly changed. I don't think I shall tell you at all."

"I am not changed," said Piet. "I wish to Heaven Almighty I"——

"Hush!" said Betje; "the pigs will hear you, and perhaps tell Tante Louisa. Once she knows that you have used bad language to me"——

"Bad language to you, Bettikin!" groaned Piet. "There's only you in all the world worth thinking about. I wish I had changed; then I should perhaps try to love some other girl and forget you."

Betje pursed her mouth. "Thank you," she said with an air of demureness. "I have often puzzled to think why you don't. It must be so lonely at 'Well-and-Good' with no one but poor old Klaas."

"Lonely! It is much worse than lonely," Piet retorted. "I look at your bedroom window every day and inform myself that I am a fool to bear it."

Still demure, though with the shadow of a dimple coming and going in her cheek, Betje drew her hands from her cousin's. She took him by surprise in the act. "There!" she said. "Now I can tell you without running risks. I also am lonely. That is why I am at home again. Mynheer Julius Mops has jilted me, Piet, and I am in the most terrible disgrace at home. I am going to advertise myself as a governess. That was my intention yesterday and this morning while mamma poured out the coffee and continued to discuss me as an undutiful daughter. Tante Louisa agrees with everything mamma says on the subject. She is so thankful she has no children of her own to rend her heart with their ingratitude. Papa is better; he only shakes his head at me. But that is quite as much as I want from papa. And now I must fly."

"Wait!" cried Piet hoarsely.

"Well, *mynheer?*" said Betje, looking as if there could be nothing reasonable to wait for.

"He has given you up, you say, that sugar merchant?" Piet spoke as if the thing were incredible.

"Suppose," said Betje, "I alter my way of putting it. I must not libel the dear man too grossly. Of course I never could *love* a forty-five-year-old Mr. Mops, who is so fat that he cannot walk a mile; but papa and mamma assured me that that did not matter. They said I could not help respecting

him—he keeps three carriages and seven servants, you must know. They said, besides, that respect in such circumstances nearly always grows into love. But I am much older since then, and, Piet, I don't believe it. A fortnight ago I told Mr. Mops my opinion. I said I did not love even his money, much less himself; and when he had choked a little, in anger, not grief, he said I had better go home and talk it over with my parents. And here I am. I sent him back all his presents except those of them tha; I had eaten, and he has gone to the south of France for his health. Good-bye."

Again Piet begged her not to go. "Wait, Bettikin!" he implored.

This time, however, it was useless, for Betje was already almost in the arms of a yellow-faced little woman who had flown round the corner of the farmhouse just in time for her.

It was Tante Louisa, of course, in all the glory of her inherited gold skull-cap, with gold tendrils and little garnet grapes at the ears, and in all the wrath exacted by the situation.

"You wicked girl!" cried Tante Louisa, raising her hands as if to strike.

Piet's own inclination was to walk rapidly out of reach of Tante Louisa's tongue, but her uplifted hands kept him still by the piggery. Thus tarrying, he learnt something more about the beloved Betje of his boyhood, who was now ten times dearer to him than ever before.

Stopping in front of her aunt, Betje smoothed her hair with dainty finger-action. It was as if she only realised how the breeze had ruffled it now that she could see her reflection in Tante Louisa's burnished morion.

"Do you call me wicked, *tante?*" asked Betje calmly. "Why, if it is not impolite to inquire?"

"How dare you," screamed the little old woman, "do such a thing? Do you wish to spoil the lives of two men in one week? Having broken the heart of that generous and noble-minded gentleman, Mynheer Mops"—

Betje looked round, and seemed pleased that Piet was still where she had left him, and even listening.

"Having done this," continued Tante Louisa, with ferocious nods, "you seek to play with the affections of that unfortunate young man your cousin, who is already sufficiently a good-for-nothing without your idle help."

"Come here, Piet!" called Betje.

Piet approached like one under a spell.

"Was I playing with your affections, Cousin Piet?" she asked him.

He took time to consider both the question and his own answer. Tante Louisa was no aunt of his, and no more his friend than her sister, Betje's mother.

"Was I?" Betje insisted, with a stamp of one of her little clogs. But she smiled at him with the stamp, and that gave him courage.

"You were not," he replied. "I do not understand the game; but I am sure you were not playing with me. At least, I think not."

"There!" said Betje triumphantly. "And, my dear aunt," she added, taking the old woman's arm, "do, if you will be so good, believe me when I tell you that it is very bad manners to talk to me like that. I am not accustomed to such vulgarity in Amsterdam. Come, dear."

Tante Louisa wrested her arm free. "I shall move as I wish, miss," she said, having flushed to the charge of vulgarity.—"And as for you, Piet Leevan"——

"Run, Piet!" cried Betje, her eyes as radiant as her aunt's headpiece under the sun. "Run, Piet dear!"

Again she tried to secure possession of her aunt, and again Tante Louisa would have none of her.

Instead of running, Piet did the

bravest deed of his lifetime. He stepped a yard nearer Tante Louisa and confessed the truth. "*Mefrouw*," he said, "perhaps it is news to you, and perhaps it is not, but I love Betje better than all of you put together, and including Mynheer Mops. Fellows like that to love her, indeed! Yes, I love her, and, by Heaven! I shall marry her after all. I feel it." He raised his hand solemnly as he mentioned Heaven this time. Then, and then only, did he turn away. Betje whispered a word which he did not catch. No doubt it was a reproof of his impudence. He didn't care what it was. All the blood in his body seemed to applaud him for his audacity. He strode back to the mill and released its sails, and for three hours ground maize into flour with a light and bounding heart. Not for many a day had "Well-and-Good" made such blithe music for him.

Klaas looked in once, and was sent away.

"I do not want you," said Piet.

"You have your thoughts, *mynheer?*" suggested the old man, after a long look at his master's eager face.

"I don't know what I have, but I do not want you," Piet replied. "Take the key and attend to the sluice. And when you have done that bring me the key, and go where you will till bedtime."

"You mean just that, *mynheer?*"

"Just that, Klaas. Why should I not mean it?"

"I suppose you have been talking to her. Ah, *mynheer*, it is a temptation your good father would have resisted. But, many thanks, I will go to the village, and, with permission, sleep there."

"Wish to get drunk for once, eh, Klaas?" asked Piet kindly.

"Drunk—yes, *mynheer*, with thanksgivings to the Lord for His many mercies. There is to be a sermon."

Piet tossed his head and laughed out. "Go to your sermon, Klaas," he said, "and much good may it do you."

"That is what I hope, *mynheer*," said Klaas.

. . . . . .

It was dusk when Piet stopped the mill. The sky was still faintly crimson above the dunes in the west, and the criss-cross miles of ditch-water all still gleamed their silver between the hill of the mill and the farmstead of Werk. The lamp was lit in the house with the great red roof, which now looked like some misshapen dark monster, with its couple of yellow eyes set towards him, crouched as if for a spring. The breeze had latterly but just sufficed to turn "Well-and-Good's" sails. Now there was no sound except that of the steady outgush of the polder's superfluous waters into the sombre Zee in the east. Piet stretched himself, gazed at those two unwinking yellow eyes of his uncle's farmhouse, and thought of Betje's brown eyes. He had thought of little else since their fascination had bewitched him afresh that afternoon.

C. Edwardes.

Chambers's Journal.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

I say but that this love of Earth reveals
A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
Irradiate and through ruinous floods uplift.

My Theme.

The poetical worship of nature may be added now to the list of modern conventions; but of the multitude who have worshipped her two or three poets only in a century have risen to something higher than sensuous adora-

tion of her charms, but two or three have so trained their vision as to discern some hints of her significance, and from these hints have sought to shape a coherent and cogent philosophy of living. Conviction bids me to name among these intellectual visionaries George Meredith. His poetry stands at the opposite pole removed from that of Mr. Yeats and his followers. Mr. Meredith is a teacher, and didactic of set purpose. His poems, with few exceptions, are guides to conduct, and though his morality is not confined within the limits of accredited formulas he is profoundly moral. Mr. Yeats, to take him as a brilliant exemplar of his class, is the sworn foe of poetical logic, has a distrust of didactic methods, and would look askance at any critic who should accuse him of morality. By this contrast of two modes of perfection I wish to illustrate the broad limits within which poetry may make its appeal to us, and to gain assent to a poetry which is aflame with purpose, which compels beauty into the service of thought, and not infrequently follows intellectual motives beyond the limits of the readily intelligible.

Mr. Meredith's poetry is a bracing antidote to the whining philosophies and the sick determinism of our age. William Morris has been named "the happiest of the poets," for the kindly earth was to him a well-head brimming with joy, a garden set in a pleasant place for delight to wander in. Tree and flower and bird and wave were for him not mere symbols of happiness, they were happiness, and merely to name them in pleasurable sequence and to set simple-thoughted and uncomplaining men and women against a background of green field or quiet sky was the task of this more than "idle singer." Mr. Meredith is as free from petulancy and vain regret, not because, like Morris, he is careless of the brooding questions, but rather that he has taken them into his deeper mind where only can the answer be found by which the spirit lives.

In a succinct review of a comprehensive subject the risk is inevitable of unduly sophisticating views on nature and life which have no pedantry in them. Conscious of the fact that to define is to limit, I introduce this *caveat* as a preface to my definition of a philosophy which is as free in its outlook as it is unfettered in its conclusions.

In what sense does Meredith conceive nature to be vital? Whether with conscious animation and stimulated by a purpose that may be translated into human speech, or unconsciously swayed by the random impulse of particles chemically disposed and mechanically rearranged? Do the mountains and the sea, or the placid implacable stars reflected there, know even that man exists? Do his hopes and consuming sorrows weigh so much as a grain in the scale of their vastness, or do they harbor in their unstirred depths a heart of joy that beats in unison with his? Science may tell us that the universe itself is the mere multiple of an atom, and that when we find sympathy in a clod we may seek it in the fields, and that when we discover an intellectual purpose related to man's destiny in the ion, we may discover it in the courses of the stars. This is the problem which Mr. Meredith confronts, and for which he finds solution in that noble poem *Meditation under Stars:*

What links are ours with orbs that are
So resolutely far;
The solitary asks, and they
Give radiance as from a shield:
Still at the death of day,
The seen, the unrevealed.
Implacable they shine
To us who would of Life obtain
An answer for the life we strain
To nourish with one sign.

It is the shrinking sense which these vast spaces appal:

Fronting yon shoreless, sown with fiery sails,
It is our ravenous that quails,
Flesh, by its craven thirsts and fears distraught.

But with the mind as guide, and with love to sustain, we are fortified

By day to penetrate black midnight; see,
Hear, feel, outside the senses; even that we,
The specks of dust upon a mound of mould,
We who reflect those rays, though low our place,
To them are lastingly allied.

So may we read, and little find them cold;
Not frosty lamps illumining dead space,
Not distant aliens, not senseless Powers.
The fire is in them whereof we are born;
The music of their motion may be ours.

The earth herself takes on new meaning when we realize this kinship:

Then at new flood of customary morn,
Look at her through her showers,
Her mists, her streaming gold,
A wonder edges the familiar face:
She wears no more that robe of printed hours;
Half strange seems Earth, and sweeter than her flowers.

To a poet much may be pardoned who for the purposes of fiction gives Nature a voice; but the poetry which systematically humanizes Nature and endues her with a *crescendo* extension of our emotions is the mere embroidery of idle fancy. Mr. Meredith, reading her with his brain, and not with his shrinking nerves, escapes the sentimental pitfall. For him, as for all true poets, Nature is a thing splendidly alive:

Till we conceive her living we go distraught,
At best but circle-windsails of a mill.[1]

The manner of her living is obscure, but read her with the eye of love and with the discerning mind and we become a portion of her strength. We are no longer the detached observers of a spectacle. In the drama of Nature we too are players, and if we do not learn the laws of her stage what pitiable actors we are!

The "good physician" Melampus may stand as the type of the perfect Nature-lover, for whom "the woods were a home, and gave him the key of Knowledge."

But nature was not for him the misanthropical refuge of Byron's and Rousseau's savage dream, for we learn at the poem's close how

Melampus dwelt among men; physician and sage,
He served them, loving them, healing them; sick or maimed.[2]

This then, the path of human fellowship, is one of the approaches by which we may draw near to Nature, and fruitfully read her meanings:

Not solitarily in fields we find
Earth's secret open, though one page is there.[3]

A Faith on Trial records how the music of children's voices freed the poet's soul from the dead weight which hung upon it. He had wandered aimlessly, bearing his load of personal sorrow, until "This Earth of the beautiful breasts" had become

[1] "Sense and Spirit." This idea is constant in the poems. Cf., "A Faith on Trial," pp. 157-158 (Archibald Constable and Co., 1886).

[2] "Melampus." The "bile and buskin attitude" of Byron is expounded in the verses called "Manfred."

[3] "Earth's Secret," and see "A Faith on Trial," vol. ii., pp. 186 and 161. Also "The Test of Manhood" (Scribner's), p. 31.

A Mother of aches and jests:
Soulless, heading a hunt
Aimless except for the meal.

He comes to where the wild-cherry blossoms, but not until the music of the voices falls on his ear does he realize how hope springs from the heart of his grief—

How a shaft of the blossoming tree
Was shot from the yew-wood's core.

At one with this idea of human fellowship is Mr. Meredith's reiterance of the idea of service. Diana Warwick puts this in her telling aphoristic way: "A brown cone drops from the fir-tree before my window, a nibbled green from the squirrel. Service is our destiny in life or in death. Then let it be my choice living to serve the living and be fretted uncomplainingly. If I can assure myself of doing service, I have my home within."[4]

Equanimity, love, and service are interknit in the poems:

For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours;
We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers

Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire.[5]

I have indicated one line of cleavage between Meredith and Rousseau. It is proper here to state that the Rousseau paradox which would lead men back in the name of Nature to primitive simplicity, *scilicet* primitive barbarity, finds no favor in Mr. Meredith's sight. The *Essay on Comedy* should convince us of the importance he attaches to intellectual refinement as the very flower of civilization. It is to the Comic Spirit that he makes appeal in his verse to save us from a relapse into brutishness, "where the prime motive gapes a lurid jaw":

Thou, soul of wakened heads, art armed to warn,
Restrain, lest we backslide on whence we sprang,
Scarce better than our dwarf beginning shoot,
Of every gathered pearl and blossom shorn.[6]

The natural man of Rousseau was a savage. For Diderot, in spite of much vapid moralizing, Nature meant merely license for the gratification of sensual impulse. Mr. Meredith glorifies Nature, but he has no philosophical scruples which prevent him from discriminating between the better and the worse in Nature. If he does not succeed in proving that the selfish gratification of passion is anti-natural, he at least demonstrates that it is unwise and a barrier to the progress of the race. There is a beast within us that must be tamed. "Can a man go further than his nature?" he asks in *Rhoda Fleming*. "Never when he takes passion on board. By other means his nature may be enlarged and nerved; but passion will find his weakness, and, while urging him on, will constantly betray him at that point."

'Tis known how the permanent never is writ
In blood of the passions; mercurial they,
Shifty their issue: stir not that pit
To the game our brutes best play.[7]

[4] Compare the quatrain, "The Year's Sheddings."

[5] "The Thrush in February." See also "Woodman and Echo."

[6] "To the Comic Spirit." An important passage in the "Empty Purse" questions
"How the brutish antique of our springs may be tamed,
Without loss of the strength that should push us to flower."

[7] "The Empty Purse." See also the sonnet "Sense and Spirit," and in "The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady," the passage beginning,
"Abject of sinners is that sensitive,—"

The impluse within us to brutishness we may convert to strength. We may

> Make of him who was all maw
> Such a servant as none saw
> Through his days of dragonhood.[8]

The combat for mastery will then serve to temper our moral fibre. "She (Nature) is a splendid power for as long as we confine her between the banks; but she has a passion to discover cracks; and if we give her headway, she will find one and drive at it, and be through, uproarious in her primitive licentiousness, unless we labor body and soul like Dutchmen at the dam."[9] And again in a similar strain: "Are we, in fact, harmonious with the Great Mother when we yield to the pressure of our natures for indulgence? Is she, when translated into us, solely the imperious appetite?"[10]

Nature in such passages is that dragon of self which we find in so many of the poems, or that primitive devouring instinct in man, so often referred to in the novels which converts woman into the slippery snake, makes society a battle-ground of ignoble passions, and our conventional morality a by-word of reproach. It is another Nature of which he writes when he says that "we may be rebels against our time and its laws: if we are really for Nature, we are not lawless."[11]

Artemis, the chill huntress, and Aphrodite, the persuader, stand on either hand of us, and the choice is vital between them. Nature abhors both "pinched ascetic" and "red sensualist," and we have conquered one lesson from our wrestle with circumstances when we have learned how to unite the warm heart with the cool head. Then in our hour of growth we draw ever nearer to the Master Mind—

> The Great Unseen, nowise the Dark Unknown.

In *The Test of Manhood* the poet shows all the chances of this battle; how that it is a warfare never ended, with no power to intervene, and no prayer availing save for strength to keep one's ground:

> never battle's close,
> The victory complete and victor crowned:
> Nor solace in defeat, save from that sense
> Of strength well spent, which is the strength renewed.
> In manhood must he find his competence;
> In his clear mind the spiritual food:
> God being there while he his fight maintains;
> Throughout his mind the Master Mind being there,
> While he rejects the suicide despair;
> Accepts the spur of expticable pains;
> Obedient to Nature, not her slave:
> Her lord, if to her rigid laws he bows;
> Her dust, if with his conscience he plays knave,
> And bids the Passions on the Pleasures browse.

Life is a battle-ground, and quiescence the spirit's death. Keeping this truth in mind we shall appreciate the warrior vigor of Meredith's verse. A Nature "red in tooth and claw" appalled a generation which conceived man's morality to be something other and higher than the morality of Nature. Meredith will not blink the issue:

> She, judged of shrinking nerves, appears
> A Mother whom no cry can melt;
> But read her past desires and fears,
> The letters on her breast are spelt.

[8] "The Woods of Westermain."
[9] "One of our Conquerors," ch. xxxvi.
[10] Ibid. ch. xl. See also Dr. Shrapnel's commentary on the battle of the individual with the world (society), and with nature (the passions), "Beauchamp's Career," ch. xlii.
[11] "One of our Conquerors," ch. xxxvi.

A slayer, yea, as when she pressed
Her savage to the slaughter-heaps.
To sacrifice she prompts her best:
She reaps them as the sower reaps.[12]

We crave from Nature a medicinal balm, but discipline comes before healing:

Go into thyself, strike Earth,
She is there, she is felt to a blow struck hard.
Thou findest a pugilist countering quick.[13]

Redemption is found in

the last
Dry handful, that bruises and saves.[14]

I feel that I cannot overstate the emphasis which Mr. Meredith lays upon the value of constant, loving, and sane intercourse with Nature. From that fountain are we nourished. Thence do we grow in individual power, and thence a renovated society will spring. We are purified and strengthened by Nature, because until we have placed ourselves in tune we cannot know her. But the pre-ordained harmony which exists between us one note of discord will mar. Let us not therefore bring to her our brooding question of the future, for if we ask her for a sign she is dumb. Let us not seek easement for our grief until the heart is free from personal taint:

Not she gives the tear for the tear.
Weep, bleed, rave, writhe, be distraught,
She is moveless. Not of her breast
Are the symbols we conjure when Fear
Takes leaven of Hope.[15]

The skylark sings and we drink in

The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality.[16]

Let us not, finally, misread Nature with our human sympathies, for she refuses to be sentimentalized. Accept her frankly, face her fearlessly, and abide the issue

Leaving her the future task;
Loving her too well to ask.[17]

I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting some lines of passionate apostrophe to Nature from a poem not accessible in the collected works:

Oh, mother Nature! teach me, like thee
To kiss the season, and shun regrets.
. . . . . .
Teach me to blot regrets,
Great Mother! me inspire
With faith that forward sets
But feeds the living fire,
Faith that never frets
For vagueness in the form,
In life O keep me warm!
For what is human grief?
And what do men desire?
Teach me to feel myself the tree,
And not the withered leaf.
Fixed am I, and await the dark to be!

And O, green bounteous earth
Bacchante Mother! stern to those
Who live not in thy heart of mirth;
Death shall I shrink from, loving thee?
Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall?
. . . . . .
She can lead us, only she,
Unto God's footstool whither she reaches
Loved, enjoyed, her gifts must be;
Reverenced the truths she teaches,
Ere a man may hope that he
Ever can attain the glee
Of things without a destiny![18]

We cannot reconcile ourselves to the loss of present happiness, or we fruitlessly bemoan vanished joys. When the Daughter of Hades heard the long muffled roar of the chariot underground that was to bear her to darkness after her brief day of light and love,

[12] "The Thrush in February." See also that grim poem "Whimper of Sympathy."
[13] "The Empty Purse."
[14] Ibid.
[15] "A Faith on Trial."
[16] "The Lark Ascending."
[17] "The Woods of Westermain."
[18] "To the Spirit of Earth in Autumn."

Sharp grew her face.
She rose, yet not moved by affright;
'Twas rather good haste to use
Her holiday of delight
In the beams of the God of the Muse.

She climbs while the day still lasts, until she leaves far behind her the mountain-sheep, goat, herbage, and flower:

The island was hers, and the deep,
All heaven, a golden hour.
Then with wonderful voice that rang
Through air as the swan's nigh death,
Of the glory of Light she sang,
She sang of the rapture of Breath.

Night came. The tempest broke, and the maid and youth descended the roaring paths:

So stood she awhile
In the gloom of the terror afield,
And the silence about her smile
Said more than of tongue is revealed.
I have breathed: I have gazed: I have been
It said: and not joylessly shone
The remembrance of light through the screen
Of a face that seemed shadow and stone."

The spirit of this noble poem is not a commentary, in the vulgar sense, upon the precept *carpe diem*. Skiageneia, the daughter of the Shades, has one day of glorious life. She has not time to bemoan its swift passing, but rather enjoys the thoughtful fulness of each hour until the dark again receives her. The day's work done should make us ready for the night:

Master the blood, nor read by chills,
Earth admonishes: Hast thou ploughed,
Sown, reaped, harvested grain for the mills,
Thou hast the light over shadow of cloud."

We have learned one of life's hard lessons, though not the hardest, when we walk towards the future undismayed. Death we all achieve, and we must make shift to surmount our personal fate. But Mr. Meredith's counsel of perfection in its fulness will be, I fear, a counsel of despair to most of us. Can we, till our hearts burn dry in the socket, reconcile ourselves so completely with the loss of what we hold most dear? Time, not philosophy, reconciles us. Who that is living has strength, when imminent death hangs over the woman he loves, to echo the poet's cry, "Smite, sacred Reality!"[21] or can take comfort from the heart of his despair? A hard lesson this, and beyond our compass to attain.

It has here and there been idly debated as to whether Mr. Meredith is optimist or pessimist. "Who can really think, and not think hopefully," Diana says. But the timid optimist cannot content himself with the type of hopefulness which has for goal the welfare of the race, and makes no bargain for its own future, and the pessimist has no patience with the man who can crush joy from the husks of sorrow. Philosophically the terms are meaningless. Human conditions are never so perfect that they are not susceptible of improvement, and optimism implies acquiescence. On the other hand, to make our personal defeat the measure of human progress is simply not to face the facts. If, however, we narrow the meaning of the terms, and count that pessimism which views life with a jaundiced eye, then not one syllable that Mr. Meredith has penned will fall within the definition. He is the most buoyant of poets. Yet he is certainly no optimist in the sense in which Browning is considered such by his followers. He has no mechanism of checks and balances. Evil and distress on earth have no nicely adjusted counterpart of bliss beyond:

[19] "The Day of the Daughter of Hades."
[20] "Seed-Time."
[21] "A Faith on Trial."

He who the reckoning sums
Finds naught in his hand save Earth.
Of Earth are we stripped or crowned."[22]

Not every one will accept a stoic optimism which finds its content in a task well done and the world advanced one step nearer to the light. If we seek a personal gratification beyond that measure Mr. Meredith must no longer be our guide. Glimpses we see in his pages of personal immortality, but no sure light:

Then let our trust be firm in Good,
Though we be of the fasting;
Our questions are a mortal brood,
Our work is everlasting.
We children of Beneficence
Are in its being sharers,
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,
For word with such wayfarers."[23]

It is sufficient to know that we are the children of Beneficence. If we are reserved for future activities it is well; but if death closes all, it is also well. The strength we gain from Nature to meet our fate unflinchingly was for Diana the little boat to sail her past despondency and the fear of extinction. "There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by—with that I sail into the dark, it is my promise of the immortal; teaches me to see immortality for us."

Mr. Meredith does not, like James Thomson and Leconte de Lisle, rejoice in the idea of annihilation. He has lived for service, and he must cherish the hope that some sphere is reserved for our continued activity. But he refuses to dogmatize, and trusts life implicitly enough to know that what life gives is best:

And "If thou hast good faith, it can repose"
She tells her son.

Thus Earth speaks to us in one of Mr. Meredith's deepest poems, *Earth and Man*. The same poem gives us the one substantial argument for future life which Mr. Meredith has advanced. It is Nature, the great mother, who has implanted in man the hope and spur of immortality:

And her desires are those
For happiness, for lastingness, for light.
'Tis she who kindles in his haunting night
The hoped dawn-rose.

Fair fountains of the dark
Daily she waves him, that his inner dream
May clasp amid the glooms a springing beam,
A quivering lark.

The title which I have affixed to this paper is unduly ambitious. It is not Mr. Meredith's poetry which I have discussed, but one aspect of it merely. I have omitted to mention *Modern Love*, one of the greatest of Victorian poems. I have given no hint of the beauties of *Love in the Valley*, of the charity and wisdom which permeate the rugged poetry of *The Sage Enamored*, and of the vigor which pulses through *The Nuptials of Attila*. The excuse I proffer is that of these poems two already are among the permanent possessions of the language. The remaining two stand as types of poems of exclusively human interest, and I have thought it preferable to develop that side of Mr. Meredith's poetry where the human interest rests upon a reasoned interpretation of man's relation with nature.

Pelham Edgar.

[22] "A Faith on Trial."
[23] "The Question Whither."

WHAT AND WHERE IS THE SOUL?

Assuming as proved the old doctrine of teleology, or divine origin of the laws of the universe, I propose here, within the limits of my faculties and data, to examine the nature, the position, and the durability of the soul. But as the word *soul* carries different meanings to different minds, I must start with a definition. It is one which many will, I fear, consider both arbitrary and paradoxical; but I do not think it will be found wanting either in clearness or precision. The *soul*, then, I define as simply that which *feels*. To prevent all ambiguity, it is necessary also to state that, whenever the context does not clearly show the contrary, I regard the words *feeling*, *sensation*, and *consciousness* as virtual synonyms. By express definition, therefore, the *soul* alone *feels*, has *sensation*, and is *conscious;* and anything that never feels, that is always insensible or unconscious, is not entitled to the name of *soul*. Like the plant or animal body, it may be spoken of as *alive* or *dead*, but not as *soul*. I do not assert that the soul is *never* unconscious; my definition does not necessarily imply that; I only assert that it is not *always* unconscious. Precision of language also requires that the soul should not be spoken of as if it were a mere abstraction. Though it *feels*, it is not merely a *feeling;* though it is *conscious*, it is not merely a *consciousness*.

Consciousness, our own individual personal consciousness, is the one fundamental datum, the only reality, of which we are absolutely sure. All other entities may be divided into two classes: first, those whose reality we infer inductively, and therefore not always with certainty, by a comparison of our various sensations (or modes of consciousness); and next, those which are pure unrealities, and have therefore only symbolic existence. Matter, in its three conditions of solid, liquid, and gas, belongs to the former; round squares, flat spheres, and the "unconscious sensations" of Professor Haeckel belong to the latter. I place Haeckel's unconscious sensations in the latter class, because the moment sensation (in the ordinary acceptation of the word) becomes unconscious, that moment it ceases to be sensation. In the same category of self-contradictory unrealities must be placed the professor's "unconscious will" and "unconscious memory," with several other juggling catchwords which, so far as I can remember, he nowhere attempts to define. As a specimen of his reckless distortion of language take the following:—

> As everybody knows, the new-born infant has no consciousness. Preyer has shown that it is only developed *after the child has begun to speak;* for a long time it speaks of itself in the third person (Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, p. 66.)

The italics are mine. Preyer, it appears, has shown, what no sane mother will admit, that until the child has ceased to say "Baby eat," and has learned to say "I eat," or "Me eat," it has no consciousness! Yet, on the very preceding page, we read that—

> The consciousness of the highest apes, dogs, elephants, etc., differs from that of man in degree only, not in kind.

Thus, consciousness is denied to the human child until it has ceased to speak of itself in the third person, and has learnt the use of the pronouns *I* and *Me;* yet the same faculty is accorded freely to the ape, the dog, and the elephant; none of which (or of whom) has as yet (I believe) reached

this stage of linguistic development! And mark the graceful ease with which the learned professor, by means of the same word-juggiery, turns an awkward corner in the following passage:—

> In any case the ontogenesis of consciousness makes it perfectly clear that it is not an "immaterial entity," but a physiological function of the brain, and that it is, consequently, no exception to the general law of substance.

Is it really so "perfectly clear"? To any simple, unsophisticated understanding, what is perfectly clear is surely the exact opposite. Is Professor Haeckel prepared to assert that consciousness is a solid, a liquid, or a gas? Can he even affirm that it is the ether—his vibrating, jelly-like ether? Hardly. He distinctly says that the ether is the *cause* of consciousness, and even a child can see that a *cause* cannot be its own *effect*. If consciousness, then, is neither ponderable matter, nor (as Haeckel considers the ether) imponderable matter, clearly, by the simple logic of common sense, it cannot be matter at all. In other words, it must be an "immaterial entity." The assertion that consciousness is a "physiological function of the brain, and . . . consequently no exception to the general law of substance," is a mere rhetorical flourish, which dissolves into nonsense when subjected to logical analysis. Here we are told that consciousness is a function of the brain, while elsewhere the brain is called "the *instrument* of consciousness and all the higher functions of the mind." The emphasis on *instrument* in this quotation is mine. It is difficult to get at the professor's meaning. Does he mean that the brain is an instrument employed by some agent in producing consciousness, or that the brain is an instrument employed by the agent consciousness in producing something else? In either case, who, what, and where is the agent that employs the brain as an instrument? And for what purpose? Agents who employ instruments have usually some object in view.

Again, in what sense does Haeckel use the word *function* in the last quotation? He probably means—though the meaning is far from evident—that just as we say that the eye sees and the ear hears, so we may say that the brain feels and thinks. But physiologists say, and say truly, that this is merely elliptical language—convenient, but not strictly accurate. The eye and the ear, they say, are mere organs or instruments of transmission, which of themselves neither see nor hear. So far we are all agreed. But some scientists go further. The brain, they say, is the ultimate recipient of the impressions caused by the vibrations of the air and ether; hence it is the brain, and the brain alone, that hears and sees.

Ah! here let us pause—let us pause long and think slowly; for upon this point real science has not yet said her last word—nor her first. Scientists, especially those of Haeckel's type, are sometimes in too great a hurry, and, when investigating the ways of nature, a little too fond of such words as *final* and *ultimate*. On what grounds do they base their conclusion that the brain is the real terminus of the sensory medium of transmission, and therefore the sole seat of thought and sensation? I briefly touched upon this point in my former paper, but the exceeding importance of the question at issue justifies its reopening. We all know that a chloroformed patient whose leg has just been amputated commonly asks, on awaking, when the operation is going to begin. He has the illusive sensation that his leg still forms part of his body, that he feels pain in it, and

that he can move its toes just as usual. We also know that if the trunk of a nerve be irritated anywhere along its course, the pain is referred by immediate consciousness, not to the point of irritation, but to the extremity where the nerve reaches the bodily surface. From these data, physiologists conclude that the eye, the ear, the nerves, etc., are mere channels or instruments of transmission, and are themselves as insensible as the wire which conveys the entity which we call electricity. But why do they exclude the brain from the category of insensible channels or instruments which we usually find in some mysterious connection with our sensations? I accept the facts, the actually observed experiences, related by physiologists and biologists, even those related by experimentalists who, like Haeckel, are plainly, though not knowingly or wilfully, prejudiced; but some of the inferences which they draw from their observations seem to me wholly unwarranted. Let us first examine the *language* in which these conclusions are commonly expressed. Many years' study of symbolic logic has taught me the importance of analyzing the signification, not so much of separate words or other symbols, as of the more or less complex statements which they express. The mere word, and sometimes the complete grammatical proposition, when considered apart from context, may be meaningless or misleading. When we say that the brain, and not the nerves, is the real seat or abode of all consciousness, what do we really mean? Usually only this: that something (we know not what—call it *force* or *energy*—the name is a mere arbitrary symbol) travels from the extremity of a nerve to its terminus in the brain, and there either becomes or produces what we call *consciousness*. But why there rather than elsewhere? The physiologist follows the trail of the mystery from the extremity of the nerve (where our deluded senses assured us it both originated and remained), and all along its course, till he finally reaches the brain, and there *he loses the scent*. Does it necessarily or even probably follow that the brain, the ever changing brain, is the real abode of consciousness—of the soul or ego that feels? Does not the ether, with its infinite possibilities (as shown in wireless telegraphy), lie beyond? When the hound follows the trail of the fox till it loses the scent on reaching a running stream, does either hound or huntsman jump to the conclusion that the stream is its real abode? Does not the possibility remain that it may have somewhere crossed the stream, and that its trail should be sought for and followed up afresh on the other side? Do not the phenomena of wireless telegraphy make it plain that certain mechanisms, wonderfully suggestive of the nervous system, can be operated upon by conscious Beings from afar, and by these made to transmit thoughts and sensations which the mechanisms themselves neither feel nor understand?

The following experiment is suggestive. In the two compartments of a stereoscope place the photographs of two persons, clearly distinguishable, but resembling each other as regards sex, size, dress, and the direction in which they appear to be looking. If we look first with one eye and then with the other, we shall alternately see two clearly distinct persons, as in the separate photographs. But if we look with both eyes simultaneously, we only see one person—a third person, distinct from each. Now, two distinct pictures of two different persons are undoubtedly sent through the two eyes into the two separate hemispheres of the brain. In what hemisphere of the brain is the third picture which results

from the combination of the two others? Can we with certainty affirm that it is in the brain at all? In what hemisphere is the conscious soul or ego (or sentient entity—call it what we will) that sees, or thinks it sees, the combination? Is it in the brain at all? Is it matter or non-matter? What physiologist, or biologist, or psychologist can give a satisfactory answer to each and all of these questions? Conflicting hypotheses can be suggested in unlimited numbers, all more or less plausible, and all, with our present data, incapable either of proof or disproof. How quick some scientists are to ascribe limits to the limitless resources of nature! And how forgetful they are of the exceedingly narrow limits—the literally infinitesimal range—of the human faculties! Can any of these hot-headed theorists, in his calm moments of sanity, imagine for a single moment that the infinite modes of operation of the infinite number of unknown agents in the infinite universe, of which he forms but an infinitesimal part, can ever be reduced by him or by anyone else to one simple little formula? Formulæ are often of the greatest utility; indeed, in many fields of research we could hardly advance a step without them; but we should not forget that they are all founded on mere linguistic or symbolic conventions, more or less arbitrary and of our own fabrication. Serviceable and reliable in their own domain, they become treacherous guides when trusted beyond the proper boundaries of their application. The besetting danger of modern science is *symbolatry*—a blind belief in the efficacy of mere formulas. The moment a supposed scientific "law" has been expressed in a formula, it is too hastily assumed to have acquired validity from that fact alone. Hence, when we find a controversialist appealing now to the "law" x, then to the "law" y, then to the "law" z, and so on, we should be on our guard and carefully scrutinize his language. In nine cases out of ten, a close, searching analysis will detect some lurking fallacy in his argument. Either the "law" appealed to dissolves into mist, or it turns out to be wholly irrelevant to the question at issue. This is especially the case with Haeckel's "law of substance," to which he continually appeals as a universal solvent of all difficulties, just as if the mere combination of these three words sufficed to explain everything. In simple truth, his so-called "law of substance" explains nothing whatever—least of all consciousness, which he truly calls "the central mystery of psychology." He makes the remarkable admission that "the only source of our knowledge of consciousness is that faculty itself"—an admission which (though he fails to see it) stultifies his whole reasoning. For if consciousness is the fundamental datum on which all inference must be based, must not his "law of substance," whatever it may mean, be also an inference from the datum consciousness? Thus, the professor first deduces the "law of substance" as conclusion from the phenomena of consciousness as data; then he deduces the phenomena of consciousness, his first data, as a conclusion from his first conclusion, the "law of substance." Could there be a more glaring *petitio principii*, apart from all question as to the meaning or validity of this "law of substance"? There is no getting out of this circle. By no process of reasoning can we explain the mystery of consciousness, because we must necessarily assume that mystery as the very basis of our argument. In the present stage of our development, and with our exceedingly limited faculties, all our attempts to get at the back of consciousness must be as futile as the attempts of a kitten to seek at the back of the mirror the embodiment of the feline image

which the hard glass seems to place beyond the reach of its paws in front.

Is the soul, the ego, the sentient entity, the thing that feels, and (in its higher developments) thinks and reasons, matter or non-matter? The question does not admit of an intelligible answer till we agree as to the meaning of the word or symbol *matter*. Many years ago that acutest of philosophers, Berkeley, effaced the supposed fixed boundary between the material and the immaterial, and now it has become a mere question of definition. Each philosophic writer may arbitrarily fix the line of demarcation where he pleases. But so far, the question of its exact position, the question whether the soul, the entity that feels, is matter or non-matter, in no way affects my argument. Its validity remains whether the soul be considered material or immaterial.

Physiologists assert, and probably with truth, that every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by some change in the substance of the brain; and this is supposed in some way to support the atheist's contention that the brain and the soul (or ego) are identical, or, at any rate, inseparable, so that the ultimate dissolution of the former necessarily leads to the extinction of the latter also. But surely the conclusion that legitimately follows from the premises is the exact opposite. Not only changes take place in the material substance of the brain, but, as I said in my former paper, this substance is passing away continually, so that the same conscious-thinking ego may be said to work with absolutely different brains at different periods of its existence. If the brain itself is the real ego, the real conscious thinker, how is it that the brain of to-day knows so much of the ideas evolved by the wholly different brain of ten, twenty, or even sixty years ago? The old man of seventy has usually many clear memories of his sayings and doings, of his thoughts and feelings, when a little lad of ten. He has only to make an effort of the will, and the past of long long ago stands up ghost-like before him. In what compartment of his present brain had those images lain sleeping? In which hemisphere? In both, or in neither? And how came the images imprinted on the childish brain of ten to be passed on, in innumerable transmissions, through many successive brains, till they reached their last edition on the aged brain of seventy—or rather on the new brain of the aged *man* of seventy? Finally, and most important question of all, where is that inexplicable entity which consciously and deliberately *wills* to re-see, re-hear, and re-feel its memories of long ago? Is it not the same entity—so far as any entity in the universe can be regarded as constant—that, with a different brain, first saw, heard, and felt the actualities of which the memories have been transmitted to the brain with which it sees, hears, and feels other actualities to-day? While the material brain changes, *it*—the seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking *soul*—remains. When did it first come into existence? With the first awaking of the infant's feeling or consciousness, before or after birth? I doubt it. When will it pass out of existence? With the death of the man or woman into whom that infant has developed? I doubt it still more.

On the one hand, by careful comparison of the conflicting separate testimonies of our separate senses, we obtain irrefragable evidence that not a particle of the material body of the infant, of the child, or of the grown-up man or woman, *if we except the brain*, ever feels; and, on the other hand, *we have not the slightest data on which to ground the inference that the brain is an exception*. All analogy, on the contrary, seems to point the other way—to the

conclusion that the brain, like the eye, the ear, and all other parts of the body, is a mere insensible link in a chain of sensory transmission. Yet, since feeling or consciousness is admittedly an ultimate fact of nature incapable of analysis, something — an intangible something, which here I call *soul*—does unquestionably feel. Where is that something? In the body or out of it? Nobody knows. We are completely in the dark. Science has absolutely no data at present from which to draw an inference, and, until some relevant data are forthcoming, true science must remain silent. The priests of pseudo-science, like those of the pseudo-religions of old, answer boldly and confidently enough, and, like their predecessors, deceive the people by false dogmas, which, sooner or later, the light of true science will banish into the land of detected myths and unrealities. Meanwhile, philosophy may legitimately send forth her truth-searching feelers in all directions, and, in the territories as yet unclaimed by science, weave as many hypotheses as she pleases. All of these may ultimately prove false; but one may, by some lucky chance, hit the mark, and strike out an illuminating spark which, to the ever-watchful eye of science, may point out the true path of research. Among many suppositions at present unprovable, but also unrefutable, let me suggest the following:—

The material body, including the brain and the whole nervous system, is a mere medium or instrument of sensory transmission, and is itself as insensible as the material apparatus in wireless telegraphy. The soul or ego, which, by definition, is the entity that feels, and, in its higher developments, thinks and reasons, bears some relation to the body analogous to, though different from, that which the invisible human manipulator bears to the unconscious electrical apparatus through which he sends, and through which he receives, communications. The *position* of the soul or ego, whether in the body, or near the body, or millions of miles away from the body, may be left an open question. With the educative memories of its successive past existences and past experiences, gone for the time, or perhaps for ever, as exact memories, but remaining as serviceable instincts, the ego receives a new instrument of education in the shape of a living, growing, but insensible and unconscious infant body, a body which inherits in the germ some of the qualities and some of the defects of its many ancestors, human and pre-human. This body its guardian the ego loses sooner or later, in childhood through illness or accident, or in old age through decay. Then it receives another instrument of education, whether human or superhuman may depend upon the ego's fitness and development. This, in due course, or through accident, it loses in its turn, after which it receives another, and so on for ever—always rising in the long-run (though not always steadily and continuously) from higher to higher, and from better to better.

If we thus regard the body as an unconscious automaton, with its machinery and operations partially, but by no means wholly under the control of the conscious soul or ego, we obtain simpler explanations than those commonly given of several puzzling mental phenomena—the phenomenon of ordinary vision among others. The explanation of this phenomenon given by the generality of physiologists is not convincing. They say that though two impressions or pictures of the same single external object pass through the two eyes into the two hemispheres of the brain, the mind, from habit and experience, "unconsciously judges" that they represent but one object. To begin with, an "unconscious judgment" (like Haeckel's "unconscious feeling,"

"unconscious will," "unconscious memory," etc.) is a self-contradiction.[1] We might as well speak of the "unconscious memory" of a phonograph, or the "unconscious judgment" of an inanimate calculating machine. When judgment becomes unconscious it ceases to be judgment. And, apart from this objection to a misleading expression, the explanation breaks down in the case of the stereoscope, already touched upon. Here there are in reality two external objects, and the mind, by a comparison of conflicting sensations, judges, not "unconsciously," but consciously and correctly, not that the two images which enter the two cerebral hemispheres proceed from one external object, as in ordinary vision, but that—in spite of the fact that it is conscious of seeing but one picture—they in reality proceed from two. It is surely inconsistent to affirm that the mind unconsciously and wrongly infers one thing, yet consciously and correctly, and at the same time, infers the exact opposite. The inconsistency is especially glaring when the two photographs represent different persons, and the combined image seen is that of a third but non-existent person. The many memories of past judgments and experiences may indeed affect by degrees the material constitution of the insensible medium of transmission, the brain, and ultimately render it suitable for merging the two images into one; but when this change has taken place, then the conscious soul or ego sees but one image. It is not at all a case of judging, whether correctly or incorrectly. The ego is conscious of but one sensation, the one image before it; but it also, at the same time, remembers that there are two photographs of two different persons in the stereoscope, and it correctly judges that these conjointly are the cause of the one illusive image or optic sensation which seems to represent a third and non-existent person who combines the features of the two that really exist. Where does the combination take place? And where is the ego that sees it? To neither question can science as yet give a convincing answer. But accepting the in no way inconsistent hypothesis of a feeling soul or ego outside, and, it may be, far distant from its non-sentient body, we may imagine many plausible answers. For example, the two real images on the two hemispheres of the brain may, through the vibrations of the ether, or of one of the millions of other natural media really existent, though unknown to us, send forth innumerable pairs of undulations in all directions, which, from the adapted conditions gradually effected in the constitution of the brain, meet at innumerable foci, where they form as many fresh combined images, one of which must perforce reach the sentient ego, wherever in the universe that ego happens at that moment to be. Of course, this hypothesis cannot, with our present data, be proved, but the analogies in its favor are many.

The assumption of an unconscious automatic brain and body, partially controlled by, and in its turn reacting upon, a conscious mind, soul, or ego, would harmonize well with some of the phenomena described under such names as subconsciousness, unconscious cerebration, somnambulism, hypnotism, telepathy, dual personality, etc.; but any discussion of these would unduly lengthen this paper. One suggestive simile, however, may be given as an index to the general line of explanation. Before a man succeeds in moving a heavy wagon on a line of rails, he is conscious of strain and effort; but once

[1] Even the usually lucid and logical physiologist, Huxley, has recourse to the self-contradictory assumption of "unconscious reasoning" in his not altogether successful attempt to explain the paradox of the stereoscope.

the wagon is well in motion, it will proceed some distance without his aid. He may turn his back upon it and leave it, yet the unconscious wagon will still go on, and will not stop until the force first consciously imparted to it has been spent. The same principle applies to a wound-up watch, to many automatically working machines, *and to the unconscious human brain.* The mind or ego (but neither the brain nor the fingers) of a piano-player is conscious while he is learning to play a difficult sonata by heart. But once the piece is thoroughly learnt, the conscious mind need only give the first impulse. The unconscious brain and fingers—the whole complicated mechanism of the unconscious nervous system—once set in motion, will automatically play the whole sonata while the conscious mind, the real ego, is thinking of something else. Where is this conscious ego? When science can satisfactorily answer this question, man will have made a stride in advance which will place him as far above his present position as that position is above that of the inarticulate brutes around him. Meanwhile, science looks wistfully forward, patiently bides her time, and is silent.

Boulogne-sur-Mer. *Hugh Maccoll.*

The Hibbert Journal.

SOCIALISM AND SEX RELATIONS.

We have dealt on previous occasions with the question of Socialism and the family, but have hitherto avoided the problem of the relations between men and women, and of the marriage-tie, considered in connection with the principles of Socialism. The subject is one exceedingly difficult to treat in a newspaper. But in spite of this fact, we feel that it must be faced, for those who are now attempting to make up their minds in regard to Socialism ought clearly to understand all that is involved thereby. In writing on this subject we are most anxious not to say anything which may seem unjust to the Socialists, or which may unfairly prejudice their case. We do not wish to lay ourselves open to the accusation of creating a bogey out of the sex question in order to scare people away from a creed which we consider dangerous, and likely to cause the degradation of human society for other reasons, economic and political. We also desire to state that we are fully aware that at the present moment Socialists as a whole lead quite as well-regulated lives as other sections of the community. Further, we have no doubt that the majority of those who call themselves Socialists are personal upholders of the Christian religion, or at any rate of Christian morals, and have no thought of subverting either the one or the other. Nevertheless, we may feel certain that the triumph of Socialism must mean the overthrow of the Christian moral code in regard to marriage and the relations of the sexes, and must end in free love and promiscuity. Probably many modern Socialists dream, like Plato, that the relations of the sexes may be regulated by the State, and that men and women will submit to a kind of communal time-table for the maintenance of the population. The notion that the system of the State breeding of children laid down in the "Republic" could possibly be maintained in practice is, however, nothing but a fantasy,—"a wild enormity of ancient magnanimity."

The clearer-eyed Socialists realize that Socialism, if triumphant, will not leave the relations of the sexes as they are. For example, we find Mr. Wells

in his novel, "In the Days of the Comet," making free love the dominant principle for the regulation of sexual ties in his regenerated State. The romantic difficulty as to which of the two lovers of the heroine is to be the happy man is solved by their both being accepted. Polyandry is "the way out" in this case, as polygamy might be in another. It is only fair to say that in a letter published in the *Clarion* of the 18th inst. Mr. Wells declares that the book is "a beautiful dream," and that he has never advocated free love or the destruction of the family. Still, no one who has studied Socialistic literature, and has taken the trouble, not merely to find out where the Socialists say they are going or think they are going, but where the road must inevitably lead, will feel that there is anything unjust in the declaration that wives in common and husbands in common will follow goods in common. This, of course, is no discovery of the present age. When during the Revolution in France, and after it in England, men's minds were for a season full of Socialistic schemes, their originators and apologists never succeeded in avoiding the rock of promiscuity. Canning, for example, stigmatized their aspirations in the *Anti-Jacobin* in vigorous verse. We even find in an earlier age the satirists of the Restoration making enthusiasts denounce the wickedness of "enclosing the common" of free woman.

Instinctively most Socialist theorizers have realized that the family is inimical to Socialism, owing to the desire which it creates for the possession of private property, private life, and an existence based on individualism. Therefore the family must be destroyed. But the family cannot be destroyed without also the destruction of marriage, for once let a man and woman bind themselves for life and bring up their children in a home and you have an institution which is bound to shatter the Socialistic ideal. The easy talk about the State being nothing but a great family is based on the falsest of false analogies. But though this instinctive dread of the family as bound to oppose Socialism, if it is allowed scope, may be the chief reason why Socialism has always resulted in the advocacy of some form of promiscuity, open or covert, it is not the only reason why sexual communism has been advocated, and is advocated. Though the fact is not admitted or realized by most Socialists, the demand for Socialism is in reality a throw-back to primitive ideas and primitive instincts. The organization of the savage tribe is largely Socialistic and communistic. It is true that we also find in the primitive community the beginnings of very strong family institutions, but these are the growing instruments destined to emancipate mankind from the savagery of Socialism. The family was primitive man's path of escape from communism. When, however, mankind wearies of the struggle towards the light of true civilization, as he does periodically, the idea surges up in his mind that he must retrace his steps. Though he gilds it with the name of progress, what he really means and desires is to get back to his old savagery in which all things were common and nothing unclean.

There is something pathetic in the way in which this throw-back towards savagery fills the minds of many Socialists who are quite unconscious of what is working in them. Take, for example, Mrs. Snowden's work, "The Woman Socialist." Mrs. Snowden is evidently at heart a lady of high principle and good feeling, possessed by a strong desire to maintain the institution of marriage and Christian ethics. Yet even she is forced by her dreary and retrogressive creed into what amounts to a defence of prostitution. She con-

demns prostitution, no doubt, and hopes and believes that Socialism will lead to its abolition. "But," she adds, "if, as at present, the 'unfortunate woman' be regarded as a necessity in these days of advanced thought and increased opportunities, then her status must be raised. . . . She will be held to be performing a necessary social service." A more emancipated advocate of Socialism is not content with this timid and tentative handling of the problem, but boldly proclaims that in the recognition of prostitution may be found the solution of the problems of sex. Miss Florence Farr, who is a frequent contributor to the *New Age*, the very able "independent Socialist review" conducted by Mr. Orage and Mr. Holbrook Jackson, is very plainspoken on the matter:—

Things being so arranged, is it not as well that public opinion should be trained to take a more Imperial view of the women who live to give men pleasure? In the East, as I have said, the religious-minded can make a ritual both of marriage and prostitution. Their prayers and ceremonial in one case are directed to the creative Deity, in the other to the Great Power of nature whom they feel to be symbolized in women. Among them women are sometimes said to have no souls, but this is not because they are not immortal. The Hindu, for instance, considers that woman is a part of the Immortal Mother of Life herself and to unite with a woman is to clasp the Universe in your arms and taste the ecstasy of Being quite apart from the ecstasy of creation. Feelings such as these are not English. But is it better to be an Englishman who permits himself to do what his conscience condemns? Is it better that our "Daughters of Joy" should live in the well-regulated house of a "Mrs. Warren" or, worse, in insanitary little corners of their own finding than that they should be brought up as dancers in the Temple of Kali dedicated to the Goddess and kept healthy and beautiful in order that they may fulfil a purpose that they and their countrymen consider honorable and not degrading? This is the crux of the whole subject. It is almost entirely due to public opinion that prostitutes are a degraded class. In civilizations under which they are treated with respect, they are often the most brilliant members of society and generous in their well doing. Some great queens have lived the life of prostitutes, but have been excellent rulers. There is every social reason why this career should not in itself be considered disgusting, for in some legitimate unions there is often far more real cause for disgust. As a matter of fact, the really degrading part both of marriage and of prostitution is the endeavor on the part of one or the other to rouse passions by artificial means; and neither the law, nor the prophets, nor the registrar's office, nor the cathedral can make such a union holy. Men wonder when they may meet the "not impossible she"; women dream of the awakener; but they none of them offer up their prayers to "the Master of Men." God has been defined as the relation between a man and the absolute, so we take Eros to be the relation between a man or woman and Absolute Love. Like all gods he has many illusionary manifestations, but are not the Hindus wiser when they offer their prostitutes to some such idea as this than we who, like the Greeks, refuse our worship to the son of Aphrodite? Euripides has chanted a fine chorus in "Hippolytus" telling of the terrors of this unassuaged divinity. We see around us in every western civilization how lives are laid waste like sacked cities because of the festering conscience which has made unclean that which might naturally have been clean. In the day of her power the church made a sacrament of war and called it chivalry. Now in the day of her weakness could she make a sacrament of love?—Perhaps—but it is not to be expected that the church could risk her prestige on such an alliance; for love, desire, and lust are extravagant things which it has been her business to discourage. Great as the Catholic Church is, foremost among the aristocratic religions of the

West, the East has a serener past and its religions a longer pedigree. Chaldea, Egypt, and India have one great message for the modern world, a message announcing that it is better for the Ministers of Pleasure that they should dance within the temple-walls, than that they should drift in painted masks through the profane discord of a city.

We apologize to our readers for quoting this passage, but we feel that it would not have been wise to have dealt with the matter as we have dealt with it without justifying by means of quotation what we have written. Otherwise we should have been open to the accusation of exaggeration, or of attempting to saddle the Socialists with schemes and ideals which they have never advocated. It is better that a large body of our readers should be annoyed and disgusted by the appearance of the above quotation in our columns than that there should not be a clear understanding as to the direction in which Socialism is leading us in the region of sexual morality. We feel sure that the great majority of our readers will agree with our decision in this matter, and will acquit us of any desire to exploit for purposes of journalistic sensationalism a painful and disagreeable subject.

The Spectator.

THE PARTING.

Dawn, as it struggled into the cavernous station, succeeded only in huddling the shadows more closely together and accentuating the loneliness of the slack hour. It seemed, somehow, mean and shabby. The great black arch, dimly outlined, framed neither the pale bloom of an unclouded sky, nor the thickness of a rainy morning; the day was hesitating, neutral, glum. Even the few sounds that echoed through the gloom were harsh and depressing—the hollow rolling of milk cans, the penetrating whistle of the shunting code. The wet rails vanished into a mist.

A squat tank-engine slouched along close to the wall, seized upon a column of trucks, and ground its way out again with a disconsolate skirl of ungreased wheels. Once a brilliant diversion was caused by the arrival of the mail, whose two high-shouldered engines, swift and grim and green, thundered splendidly in with steam issuing from their safety valves in a deafening sibilation. Strong shafts of yellow light from their furnace fires flared up through the swarthy vapors to paint the labyrinth of dingy beams with patines of dull gold, and seemed actually to warm the place, while the banging doors, the rattle of cabs, the rumble of post-office vans, and the vague shouts that cut through the roar of escaping steam made a certain bustling note of cheer. But the crowd of muffled and overcoated passengers trooped off to the city by various ways; the porters, who had emerged from unsuspected doorways, returned to their hibernation; the two giant locomotives backed carefully out to the sheds, and the station became silent again, as one who has turned in sleep and muttered a word.

Presently a train of coaches glided in of themselves, noiselessly, almost uncannily, and touched the stop-buffers with a gentle, clanking recoil. A few people arrived, and a couple of men started brooming the carriage windows,

A woman, bowed more with poverty and circumstance than age, walked slowly up the platform, accompanied by a pale youth—hardly boy, certainly not man. He appeared to be of the

class who carry cigarettes behind their ears, and his bowler was worn at an angle which gave a sportsmanlike air. The woman's hand was tucked beneath his arm; the two made their way to an empty third-class compartment, deposited a bag, and stood at the door; her hand was still on his arm, as though loth to let go. She looked up into his face now and then, furtively, but he was silent.

Her black kid gloves were years old, loose, mended, and deeply wrinkled. From the edge of her frayed cape hung little trembling fringes of shiny beads, interspersed here and there with vacant spaces or faded brown bits of thread, from which the beads had disappeared. At her neck the cape was fastened by a large, tarnished silver brooch. Her hair, of that iron-gray which is absence of color, was drawn smoothly back into a bunch below her poor bonnet. Beneath her eyes were hollows in which shone traces of tears.

"I hope you—you'll do all right this time, dear," she ventured presently, almost apologetically, pressing his arm.

The youth pulled out a cigar, and bit off the end without replying. Then he mumbled, ungraciously:—

"Be awright, I expect. No need t'worry."

Other passengers assembled and distributed themselves, and a few well-dressed people clustered and chatted at the door of the neighboring compartment. The youth shifted his feet uneasily, glanced at the drab figure by his side, and clumsily removed her hand from his arm. She shivered slightly, complaining of the cold.

"There you are—what did I say?" he blurted out, morosely. "I towd ye not to come, an' you wouldn't 'ark to what I said. Better 'a' stopped indoors." And he walked away a step or two, lighting his cigar, aggrievedly, giving surly glances across the flashes of the match at the merry company next door, while the woman stood alone, pathetically plucking at her handkerchief, watching him. Had he heard some remarks at the adjoining window, he might have had the advantage of another point of view. They were observing him in the pauses of their talk, and one said, from a nest of furs:—

"Just look at that young cad—ashamed of his mother. I should love to kick him; Charlie, you're a man—why don't you?"

"Charlie," brawny and very English, shrugged and smiled, and regarded the sulky one unfavorably. But a slight movement of the train betrayed the coupling-up of the engine ahead by the gray, colossal arch of the station, and Charlie shut his friends into the carriage; time was up. The youth took his seat. There was the fusillade of slamming doors, and a wave and dip of a green flag.

"Good-bye, dear boy."

"G'bye, mother."

She put her hand on the edge of the lowered window, but he sat down. The train was off. Unkissed, perhaps a little more bent, she stood on the platform, crying. For a moment she waved her hand, but her eyes brimmed so that she could distinguish nothing but the blurred image of the train as it slid past. She controlled the choking at her throat, and turned to Charlie, who was busy semaphoring to a merry face that leaned out and laughed. At her gentle, imploring touch on his arm, he raised his big cap and bent to her sympathetically, courteously.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but is he waving to me?"

He had taken in the little tragedy minutes ago, and looked quickly down the curve of the moving train. Nothing broke the straight up-and-down of the carriage windows but the girl's head and her daintily-gloved hand that

signalled farewells. He glanced at the little woman, put his broad hand comfortingly on her shoulder, and spoke kindly:—

"Yes—there he is, look!—waving his hat to you—see?"

"Thank you, sir, yes, sir—thank you." And from her unshapely, work-worn hand she waved a little damp kerchief at the train until its smoky, indefinite shadow was swallowed up in the still, expressionless dawn.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Lilian Whiting's volumes of description of Italian scenes have come to be a recognized feature among the holiday publications and it must be owned that as books they are beautiful. If their text contain too many quotations, too much indiscreet enthusiasm and not too much research or accuracy of statement or justice of inference, the pictures are well chosen and reproduced and the books are unexceptionably well printed and bound. In "Italy, the Magic Land," there are thirty-five of the pictures, some Roman, some Venetian, some from Assisi, Naples, and Sicily, and in the chapters on Rome is much interesting matter about American sculptors resident in the city. Little, Brown & Co.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's introduction predisposes the reader favorably towards the volume entitled "The Value of Sincerity and Character," which is edited by Mary M. Barrows, and published in holiday dress, with tinted and decorated pages, by the H. M. Caldwell Company. Colonel Higginson discourses in his usually delightful way upon the real basis of good manners, and upon the changes which have come to pass in American life and society; and Miss Barrows's selections bring together from many different sources, in prose and verse, passages which illuminate the theme expressed in her title. From the same publishers comes a fanciful and sprightly book for young readers, "The Voyage of the Wishbone Boat," written by Alice C. D. Riley and cleverly illustrated in colors by L. J. Bridgman. The book will appeal to imaginative and fun-loving children.

That Signore D'Annunzio's "The Daughter of Jorio" will be widely read in the United States is more than doubtful, unless the stage shall come to the assistance of the press as it has in Italy, where the thought and spirit of the Abruzzi is only less novel than it is in a country in which its language is foreign. The translation, the work of Miss Charlotte Porter and two assistants, is careful and well-considered, and the pictures giving scenes from the Italian production are curious, but this is not what the ordinary readers of D'Annunzio desire or understand. He who would know Italy will find the book noteworthy, as reflecting a region where thought is nourished on airs of the ancients, but he who desires anything like a D'Annunzio novel must go elsewhere. The people of the Abruzzi are indeed sunk in ancient superstition, but they are innocent of modern corruption. Little, Brown & Co.

The colored book illustration is at last justifying its existence, after some years whose product one would fain consign to oblivion. Now, the best colored pictures have almost the atmosphere of the black and white,

and their coloring is often faithful; the smudge still lingers, and dares to pretend itself fit to be mentioned in the same day as a Pennell fog or smoke drawing; and some of the landscapes pulsate with heat. Mr. Clive Holland's "Old and New Japan" with its fifty colored pictures by Mr. Montague Smith is fortunate in having text and illustrations which harmonize, for Mr. Holland feels color and makes his readers feel it, and Mr. Smith conveys it to his paper with wonderful vividness. The work blends history and description exceedingly well. The author has found a way to suggest the Japanese method of thought by translations of Japanese speech, the words arranged in the order prescribed by grammarians, and he is never flippant. His book is a thick quarto with a spray of plum-blossom on its soft-tinted cover and it is finely printed on heavy paper. E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is rumored that Mr. Marion Crawford's "Arethusa" was written two years ago, but according to his own statement, much of the life of its hero, Carlo Zeno of Venice, is extant in very bad Latin, written centuries ago by one of his grandsons, and no matter who wrote it, or when it was written, it is one in a hundred among stories of love and conspiracy. The heroine sells herself into slavery for the sake of her adopted mother and Zeno buys her for another person, and as she is most beautiful and he most manly, the two promptly and thoroughly fall in love with one another. Before they fully confess their love they finish weaving the threads of a conspiracy in which both are involved and there are many scenes in which horror and humor jostle one another, and the end comes with a great flare of light and loud blowing of trumpets and evidently they are to be happy ever after, two strong souls, each having the best of reasons for trusting the other. Of Mr. Crawford's many manners, "Arethusa" belongs to that which many will think the best, the manner of "Paul Patoff" and "Pietro Ghisleri" and if it be not quite so fascinating as those of the "Saracinesca" cycle, it does not permit the reader to think of much else while he reads. The Macmillan Co.

The American boy has been fortunate in being chosen as a subject by authors capable of understanding and interpreting him, and David Hamilton, the Georgia boy who is the hero of Miss Lafayette McLaws's "The Welding," is by no means the least fortunate. Thanks to Col. Johnston and to Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the truly democratic feeling prevalent in rural Georgia before the civil war is fairly well understood in the North, but Miss McLaws has collected a rarely valuable group of its demonstrations, and among them are some in which the degree of gentle courtesy exercised could not be surpassed by a Bayard or a Sidney. The little boy, whose sole recommendations are his desire to learn and the honest uprightness of his father, a poor farmer, is befriended by the acknowledged leaders of his little world and welcomed among them as an equal as soon as he has proved himself worthy. The latter two-thirds of the book are occupied by the hero's experience during the war, and as he "goes with his State" the point of view is uncommon and the familiar battles and skirmishes assume a new aspect. The story ends happily after introducing many real personages. Little, Brown & Co.

The late Mary Elizabeth Blake was one of those contemporary poets whose good work is gladly received and praised, but whose real merit shines most brilliantly in such a volume as

"In the Harbor of Hope," which she did not live to see. Here are some of the occasional verses in which she caught up all of love and uttered it in praise of some noble and beautiful character, as in "At Eighty," surely the most felicitous greeting ever sent to aged goodness. Here are the playful fancies poured out for the delight of the little ones whom she loved. Here are the Irish picture poems, each one showing a rounded, perfect figure speaking of Erin in every line, and here are sonnets in which thought does not wait for the last two lines but culminates there. It is said that poetry does not sell, is not read, "does not pay." and the tall piles of unbought imported verse successful in England, the necessity of making one volume of three of Mr. Kipling's, seems evidence that the saying is true, but unless both the Yankee and the Celtic American have altogether lost their love of good verse this volume will be both bought and read. Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Philip W. Sergeant's biography of "The Last Empress of the French" gives but little space to her life before her marriage, but it differs strikingly from too many accounts of the Empress in its freedom from the scandalous tales in which both men and women have found delight when writing of a lady whose misfortunes should protect her from the attacks of men, even though her beauty attracts those of women. Mr. Sergeant is not always happy in his phrases but his meaning is never in doubt, and he is less indifferent to accuracy in his anecdotes than the average biographer of royal or imperial personages, and those fortunate enough to make their first acquaintance with the Empress under his guidance will have no difficulty in seeing in her not only the most graceful, but the most gracious figure among the few persons not royal whom fate has seated upon thrones. Of the three Empresses of the French she was in every way the superior of Josephine and superior to Marie Louise in everything but the accident of birth, and the many portraits with which the volume is illustrated are proof that neither the Creole nor the Austrian could afford to challenge comparison with her loveliness. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. Herbert Quick's "The Broken Lance," the latest labor and capital story, exalts the doctrines of Henry George and his followers, and incidentally attacks Christianity, which, not having the advantage of the author's guidance, has not developed properly. The hero is a minister who attempts to advocate various heresies from the pulpit belonging to a Christian church, and is saddened to find that its owners refuse to allow him to preach on the "economics of Jesus," i.e. Mr. George's economics. So he goes forth into the labor and capital strife, and finds corrupt politics on both sides as he had found them in his church meetings, and when, having been divorced by his wife he finds remarriage difficult is quite sure that he is a martyr. The author begs the question both in this matter and in the church difficulty by ascribing the behavior of the minister's enemies to the machinations of capital, not endowing them with any conscience of their own, and indeed the minister and his friends monopolize all the virtue of their world. The story is told with that perfect unfairness which convinces the ignorant, and those desiring to be convinced, and the book is exceedingly mischievous. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish, in connection with Ernest Nister of London, a great variety of decorative calendars for 1908. Among them are Hunting Sketches, with six colored pictures, by

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century" bring up visions of legions of Jacobites, Scottish and English; the wits in the coffee houses; good young George Third and the demure little princess who won him with a nicely written letter, an example to idle school girls forever more; and sturdy Caroline who really loved George Second and died for him; and Anne of the double chin; and caricaturists, novelists, poets in wigs; Charles Primrose, Tom Jones, Clarissa, Harry Warrington, Harley, Hogarth, and how can one hurry through that company? But here is the book with its frontispiece of Queen Charlotte lifting her finger for silence from the Duchess of Ancaster in a sweet blue gown, exactly as Thackeray saw her in the drawing by Francis Cotes, and the baby in her arms is Fanny Burney's "dear Princess Royal." Here is Lord Boyne as Hogarth painted him in his yacht cabin. Here is the Eliot family painted by Sir Joshua and every one conscious of Sir Joshua. Here is the Copley of the youngest children of George Third, Princess Amelia in a go-cart: Princess Mary, the Mary for whom bluff William did not keep sober, with a tambourine, and three dogs fairly barking out of the canvas. Here is—but there are four colored plates and thirty-five monochromes in the book, and the accompanying pages are packed with suggestion, social, literary, and historical, things which need summer leisure for proper appreciation, but delightful even for a glance. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Professor James Orr's "The Virgin Birth of Christ" (Charles Scribner's Sons) contains eight lectures which were delivered last April under the auspices of the Bible Teachers' Training School of New York City, and were repeated, in substance at least, in addresses in Boston. They were heard with profound attention and sympathy, and those who heard them will welcome with pleasure the opportunity to refresh their memories of the author's views and arguments which their publication gives them. Wisely, Professor Orr has made no attempt to recast the lectures in any different form. They retain the directness and force incident to their original delivery, and they are the easier reading for that fact. Professor Orr fully realizes the important place which the doctrine of the Virgin Birth holds, if not at the foundation of faith, as the foundation fact underlying the Incarnation: and he treats his subject with the care and fulness which this sense of its importance demands. Now that the theological battlefield is changing somewhat from the Old to the New Testament, Professor Orr's work has, from the conservative point of view, the greater value. He is thoroughly familiar with the views of modern critics of all shades of radicalism, and he has the faculty of stating an opponent's position clearly and fairly before proceeding to assail it. His attitude is not altogether that of defense: he knows also how to make a vigorous attack and the inconsistencies, assumptions and disagreements of the more extreme modern critics have never been more clearly exposed than in these pages, and in Professor Orr's other works. A certain shrewd Scotch humor adds to the effectiveness of his work. The present volume contains, in addition to the lectures, an appendix giving an analysis of the opinions upon this question expressed by many modern critics and theologians.